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The Sketch

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The Sketch

No. 2141.—Vol. CLXV. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

THE INTELLECTUAL AMONG FILM STARS—KATHARINE HEPBURN.

MISS KATHARINE HEPBURN'S performance as "Jo," the lovable tomboy heroine of the picture version of "Little Women," has enhanced her already great reputation. Last week we gave a portrait of her in our black-and-silver presentation plate series of our film favourites, but the interest which she is rousing is so general that we publish this portrait of her in the stage play "The Lake," which has just been produced in New York. Miss Hepburn is one of the great film stars, but, unlike many, she scores less by looks than by intellect.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

CAN you waggle your ears? I am one of those unfortunates who can't. I often wish I could. For filling in gaps in conversation, and generally brightening the party, there is no more useful social accomplishment. It is also very handy in the nursery. It is one of my secret sorrows that I lack this gift, and when I am told that Griselda's daddy is a much more clever man than I am, because *he* can waggle *his* ears, I feel that, as a parent, I am an also-ran. All I can offer in substitution is my celebrated imitation of a camel with a tummy-ache in all its seven tummies, and that turn is beginning to wear thin. Somehow it doesn't seem to get over nowadays, and the time is not far distant, I am very much afraid, when it will definitely get the bird.

"*AU CIRQUE: LA DRESSEUSE D'ANIMAUX*" *is an example of the witty and well-observed drawings which* TOULOUSE-LAUTREC *made in the circus.*

But this is only one of many accomplishments which I envy. It is all very well to be able to play or sing or paint or write: no doubt these arts have their uses, but they are not the things which really count towards making one a popular success. A man who knows all the sonatas of Beethoven by heart is often less useful in mixed society than a good gramophone; and a chap who goes home and writes one of those Burning Things about a girl he has just met, frequently fails to make any impression on her whatever when he is sitting out with her. It is the little arts and graces which matter—the little something which the others haven't got.

In salad days, there were the usual types of heroes, worshipped from afar; but the talented genius whom I envied most was the fellow who could place two fingers in his mouth and produce a whistle which rent the welkin. I spent hours and hours practising that piercing tocsin, but no sound would come except a sort of bubbling hiss. I have given up trying, and I must admit that nowadays there are few occasions on which this accomplishment would be either useful or appropriate; all the same, to the end of my days I shall feel a certain sense of frustration, of incompleteness, in being the sort of poor fish who is incapable of whistling through his fingers. Or again, hand-springs and Catherine wheels. Any able-bodied person with the education of a gentleman ought to be able to do a hand-spring or a Catherine wheel. To most of the friends of my youth it was as easy and as natural as throwing stones at cats, and I should blush to confess the hours spent in the endeavour to acquire this manly art—but all in vain. Now it is too late to learn, except at the risk of being certified, arrested, or dislocated. I must go to my grave without ever experiencing the peculiar thrill which I am sure must come from the perfectly executed hand-spring.

From time to time some of my friends have expressed alarm because they have detected me sitting alone and making strange, convulsive movements with the lips, suggestive (they did not scruple to say) of a mind unhinged. I resent this interpretation of a very simple and innocent act, which was merely an attempt to learn how to blow smoke-rings. Any intelligent person—and certainly any person who smoked, so to speak, at his mother's knee—ought to be able to emit those jolly little filmy rings which are so fascinating to watch, and which are so helpful in "making the mind a blank," as psychologists recommend. And yet, in spite of years of facial contortions, I cannot achieve a single smoke-ring, and, what is more, I am quite hopeless at making my mind a blank. Any ill-natured comment which you might have thought of making on that last remark is as unnecessary as it would be cheap.

Confronted with a box of matches, I can do nothing with them except strike them, always assuming that they *will* strike. But there are gifted persons who can take half-a-dozen matches and make them execute as many tricks as a troupe of performing seals. Then there are the dialect-experts, who are too killing for words in Scots or Irish or Lancashire or Yorkshire. There is the strange type of specialist who makes violins out of cigar-boxes and miscellaneous instruments out of jam-tins or, indeed, almost any object which happens to be handy. I know one man who can play a tune by rattling a pencil against his teeth, with a most original sort of xylophone effect. Another friend of mine can play "O come, all ye faithful" by contorting his cheeks to different degrees of concavity and slapping them smartly with his fingers. Next to proficiency in the saxophone, tympani, or strangled trumpet, I admire this musical gift more than any that I know.

I also admire—being totally unable to depict on paper the faintest resemblance to any known species or object—the person who can pick up a pencil and sketch in a few rapid strokes a fair imitation of any subject which requires illustration. I stand in awe of the person who takes a casual glance at a long bridge-score and can tell you the result in an instant; though I must say I have found by experience that important economies can often be effected by checking, however laboriously, these lightning arithmeticians. As for the person who can add up pounds, shillings, and pence simultaneously, I regard him as definitely superhuman. The vamper I do not envy, and I do not share the respect which is often felt for the person who "plays by ear"; but that is only because I happen to be able to do it myself, and I know there is nothing in it. It shows far more native genius to be able to knit, or do petit point, or juggle three tennis-balls, or know how to take the car to pieces, or understand the inside of the wireless, as really favoured mortals can do. It is really appalling to consider how many accomplishments one lacks.

"*AU CIRQUE: VOLTIGE*" *is another of the brilliant crayon drawings by* TOULOUSE-LAUTREC *on view at the show of his work at Knoedler's.*

AU CIRQUE: "CLOWNESSE SUR UN CHEVAL BLANC" (crayon drawing).

AU CIRQUE: "ECUYÈRE DE PANNEAU" (crayon drawing).

"AU PROMENOIR" (oil).

THE artist in the circus at once suggests Dame Laura Knight, A.R.A., to English minds, but a very different, though equally interesting, artist, TOULOUSE - LAUTREC (1864 - 1901), also found his inspiration there. An accident in his youth, which crippled him and cut him off from the active life of his equals, was responsible for his taking up the life of an artist. The circus, as well as the Moulin Rouge and other "low" Parisian haunts, inspired him. An exhibition of his paintings and drawings is in progress at Knoedler's.

AU CIRQUE: "LA DANSEUSE DE CORDE" (crayon drawing).

THE CIRCUS AS INSPIRATION FOR TOULOUSE - LAUTREC — AS FOR LAURA KNIGHT.

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SNOW ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

The "debs" and "ex-debs" are in force at Kitzbühel. This group consists of MISS WINIFRED DE WINTON, MISS DIANA GIBBS, MISS PRISCILLA FEILDEN, MISS ELEANOR DE ZOETE, and MISS JEAN CROSSTHWAITE (l. to r.). They are an attractive group of different types of youthful charm and beauty.

Two London Scottish "lovelies" on a sleigh in Tirol. MISS BETTY and MISS BIDDY NELSON, who came out in 1932 and 1933 respectively, are holidaying in Kitzbühel. Their brother, Ernest Nelson, owns Auchnacloich, one of the finest properties in Argyllshire; and they divide their time between it and Chelsea, where their mother, Mme. Paul Maze, the wife of the French artist, entertains for them at Star House, her beautiful home in Cheyne Walk, one of the most romantic situations in the metropolis.

This snap shows "the Beau Brummel of Kitzbühel," otherwise CAPTAIN MILES DE ZOETE, in his Tirolean blouse with green laces, and MISS MOLLY BARNETT and her brother BEN. They were "shot" at Hochbrunn, a "road-house" high up in the mountains where ski-ers refresh between runs.

MISS PAT FARQUHARSON was photographed at Kitzbühel with MR. FRANK WALTER, the British Langlauf champion, who captained the Oxford ski team last year and is now their president. He is also an ex-captain of the Oxford fencing team. Mr. Walter is waxing his skis for the run down. He is the best fencer Oxford has produced for years.

THOSE who know Tirol in general, and Kitzbühel in detail, must forgive us for beginning with a geography lesson to mollify The Man Who Stayed at Home, and to help us in presenting a new scene, as the motion-picture man presents his players, with "poirsonality" plus. The writer who lets readers imagine their own scenery has not only shirked the Waverley Novels, but is encouraging his public to picture Monte Carlo, Nice, and Cannes as identical, likewise St. Moritz, Klosters, and Kitzbühel—resorts as different in atmosphere and scope as in practical lay-out. These differences are of importance to this season's visitors waiting to know where snow is good, who's in which crowd, and what it's all going to cost.

Well, Kitzbühel's on the Arlberg Express line from Boulogne or Paris by Bâle (but you have to say Basel—pronounced "Baa-sell," or the porter goes blank) and Zurich, an hour and a half after Innsbruck. The train goes on to Salzburg (worth doing as an excursion into Music and History after Ski-ing and Invective) and, of course, Vienna. Consequently, the journey from London's easy.

Your first afternoon view shows a long, straggling village of chalets and picturesque old houses set higgledy-piggledy along a widish valley and at the foot of a perpendicular, pine-clad (we feel "pine-clad" is very acute) cliff leading to upper mountains which are still in sunshine. The town is not. Kitzbühel after lunch has no sun, but from eight-thirty a.m. till nearly two it is flooded, and, anyway, nobody stays in the village after their morning lesson on the nursery slopes. Nobody except the villagers who are busy making cakes for our teas, and wind-jackets to our measurements, in fascinating coarse linens or fine waterproof silks, suitable for balloonists and other sportsmen. Captain Alan Dower, M.P., who keeps a balloon at Tunbridge Wells, assured me that Kitzbühel stocks a better selection of ballooning costumes than any other burgh. I didn't argue, but bought one of the local smocks, which laces up the chest and firmly on each hip—but we must return to those sheep in the geography class.

After wandering along the main streets, punctuated with irresistible shops full of things Tirolean, and having passed the *Weisses Rossel* (White Horse Inn), where many English put up (left), and the Reich Sports Hotel (right), we get to the Grand, where most of the *monde* from Paris and other capitals are drinking tea to a band in a navy-blue lounge. Those who imagine there are no comforts outside the Engadine would be surprised at the *luxe* standard, though admittedly Tirolean native cooking lacks a certain finesse, and it's a pity more of those famed Austrian dishes aren't on the menu.

People dine quite early—soon after eight—quite indecent, judged by St. Moritz standards. They also change in the big hotels; while at the Grand clothes are tremendously *chic*, like a good night at the Café de Paris in Paris. Baronne de Koenigswarter has one of the best brown velvets, very low-cut (the latest), but with a cape-top which swathes around innocently and clips up with a modest diamond or twenty. After dinner there may be a yodelling concert by local male *divas*, or a party at one of the cafés, which lasts most of the night, or just bed. Yes, lots of visitors are asleep by eleven and up at eight, buckling for one of the fifty-one tours in the book of directions. As a matter of fact, there are about twenty in current use, and four or five worth doing constantly. My informant—Frank Walter, the Oxford *Langlauf* Champion, who ought to know his subject—loves Kitzbühel, but finds most of the tours too short to compare with, say, Diavolezza, or any of the big Engadine outings you care to name. And by big outing I don't mean Corviglia.

On the other hand, the middle-class ski-er and the novice have a lot of fun, and there are enough difficult runs to interest a number of serious runners. I even noticed remnants of the old Mürren gang on a mountain, which means no funny business. I mean they all looked as if they knew how to rope themselves together at a moment's notice—not that anyone had any rope.

A depressing item is the number of broken legs and ankles, due to the snow conditions of the week before last, when the noon sun melted the surface, which froze at night; so that one ski-ed on an ice-pudding. Very shifty. But this noon sun is divine. You hie to the *Bahnhof* (how Teutonic we're getting!), and exchange your ticket for a number, double it, subtract as many as possible, and wait in the queue. Presently the "salad basket" swings on a cable above the abyss, and is hauled up the "perpendicular, pine-clad cliff" to the Hahnenkamm, where there's a restaurant with a sun-bathing terrace, and a cook who knows those Austrian dishes. You order soup, or an omelette, to supplement a picnic lunch, and munch while the *élite* assemble. There's something soothing about watching Rothschilds eating out of paper bags. Baronnes James and Cecil both do it; while Lady (Charles) Townshend, in Newmarket boots (why didn't we think of them before), toys with a *Zweiback*, and Comte Elie de Borchgrave, who's a Belgian and a golfer, feeds his wolfhound from packets. Miss Bunny McLean, daughter of Sir Robert, and her lovely Australian friend (with Grecian plait), Joyce Beazley, join the sun parade, which has a particularly voluptuous attraction at this spot, as you can watch others toiling up to the Erenbach, an hotel in the middle distance, with an equally popular terrace.

Another day we plod there, or ostentatiously buy a place in the sleigh which drives skis up at fifty *Groschen* a pair. Chaliapin's sipping an *apéritif* with a shawl over his head—so Russian. Mlle. Blanche LeJeune flits around, showing her newly acquired silver chamois badge to admirers. The de Zoete brothers and sister are with a big English crowd, including Molly and Ben Barnett, Priscilla Feilden (the "e" before the "i" for once), and Nita Mellor and her brother. Those pretty young Nelson girls are with their cousin, Elspeth Balfour; also Peter Herbert and the Georges Levys, last seen speed-boating at Antibes. Others in the long chairs, greasing their faces or standing about waxing their skis, include Diana Gibbs, Catherine Holmes (an ardent Young Conservative), Prince "Bino" Ruspoli (who's as charming as he looks in his white silk waterproof blouse), and Count Salm.

An hour's walk from the Hahnenkamm, beyond the Erenbach, is Hochbrünn, another mountain hostel, exquisitely situated among woods, with a view described on the signposts as "the paradise of ski-ers." I don't know about paradise, but the pea-soup's exceptional. Here we found Captain Alan Dower and his intelligent wife, who's tremendously popular in their constituency—Stockport—where hats come from, on the same principle that nuts come from Brazil. The Dowers are back at work now, and, like all workers, seemed to relish their holiday more than the international crowd which moves round pleasure places with a fixed smile like a *tarif fixe*.

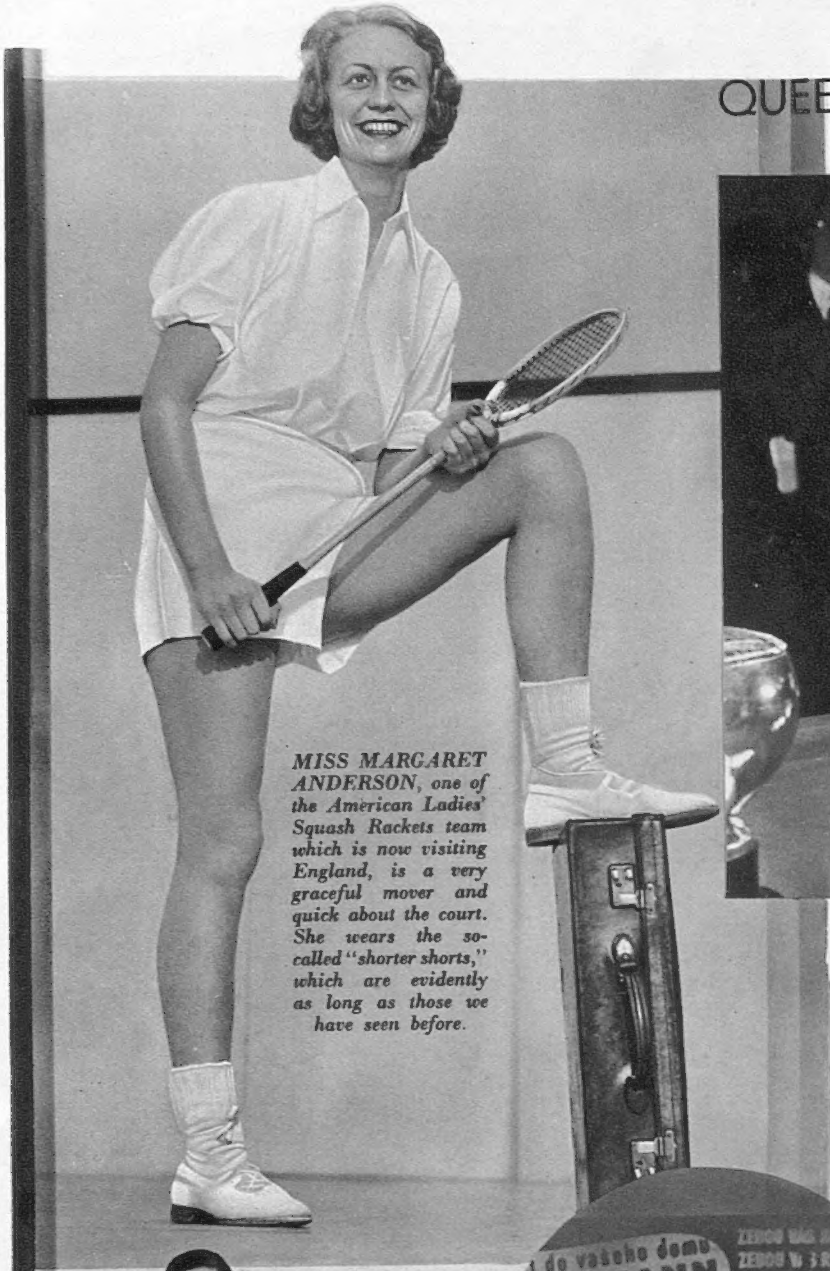
In the nursery was Lady Ridley, most attractive in shirt-sleeves, having a lesson with her two little boys. This was a private lesson, but most people join a class and fall in love with the instructors, who have sun-bleached hair. The most popular teacher is Rudi Monitzer, who treats his class rough, I'm told, and rightly—no slacking in school. But there's a stout Austrian lady who's the best instructor of all. It's worth getting on her list—she's made a ski-er out of Catherine Holmes in two weeks and is now concentrating on Lady Townshend. Mrs. Gilbert Miller worked very hard without making startling progress; but then she looks so distinguished and well dressed, who cares? We loved her little tailored coats, one white, one green, one dark-blue, and, at night, her silver foxes and her cabochons were very worth while.

A rival to Mrs. Miller in *chic* was Princesse Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge, whose grey plus-fours and sphinx profile delighted the cameras. The Romillys and the Anthony Hills were two nice young English couples. Lady Romilly's brother, Edward Sackville-West, and Derrick Hill, who wants to be the next Messel and is scene-painting in Munich, were with them.

Another side of Kitzbühel life is lived in the simple *pensions* for five *Schillings* a day. Baba Redhead lodges at a peasant's chalet, and so do lots of young people and old ski hands. They not only save money, but also learn politics, for Kitzbühel's a centre of new movements, and much goes on behind the scenes which it would be unwise to discuss—suffice that a blood-red swastika appeared on the nursery slopes, to be hastily trampled out by soldiers from the barracks. Dollfuss and Hitler have no place in our snow lives, but I don't mind telling you—aside—that my guide's charwoman had a friend, etc., who KNEW when the war would . . . ? Let it. I'm off to St. Anton am Arlberg, where Hannes Schneider's school makes cowards of us all.

VISCOUNTESS RIDLEY at Kitzbühel. Tirol has claimed a lot of well-known people this season, including Lord Ridley's attractive wife, who is a daughter of Sir Edwin Lutyens. The sun was so hot that she took a ski-ing lesson in "shirt-sleeves."

QUEENS OF THE AIR, THE ICE, THE GREEN



MISS MARGARET ANDERSON, one of the American Ladies' Squash Rackets team which is now visiting England, is a very graceful mover and quick about the court. She wears the so-called "shorter shorts," which are evidently as long as those we have seen before.

A snapshot from the finals of the Women's Amateur Billiards Championship. MISS VERA SEALS (Leicester), the runner-up, watching MISS THELMA CARPENTER, who retained her title, in play.

The American Ladies' Squash Rackets Team beat the International Sportsmen's Club Ladies by five matches to two. MISS ANNE PAGE (U.S.A.) defeated the British Captain, MRS. J. B. PITTMAN (right). The Americans' shorter shorts are not really so short!

MISS MOLLIE PHILLIPS, the other British competitor in the Women's Figure-Skating Championship at Prague, was ninth with 1973·8 points.

MISS BETTY BATT, the Middlesex lawn tennis player, defeated Miss R. Jarvis in the final of the Girls' Junior Lawn Tennis Tournament at the Dulwich Covered Courts Club.

BAIZE, COURT AND SQUASH COURT.

MISS MEGAN TAYLOR finished fourth in the European Women's Figure-Skating Championship at Prague, with 2274·3 points. She is seen wearing Czecho-slovakian national costume.

MISS THELMA CARPENTER (Bournemouth) beat Miss Vera Seals in the final of the Women's Amateur Billiards Championship and thus retained her title. She is drinking from the trophy.

MISS KATHLEEN STAMMERS, the lawn tennis player, took flying instruction at the London Aeroplane Club at Hatfield. She "kept her hand in" by games of squash after her flights. She went to Jamaica with a team of lawn tennis players last week. Our photograph shows her with FLYING-OFFICER E. FULFORD, her instructor.

MRS. PETER HOWARD was Mlle. Doris Metaxa, the well-known French lawn tennis player. She was Lady Junior Champion of France in 1927 and 1928, and won the Ladies' Doubles Championship at Wimbledon with Mlle. Sigart in 1932. She is the wife of the "Rugger" International, Mr. Peter Howard. Their small son, PHILIP, is only a few weeks old.

LIBERAL LIGHTS AT A LIBERAL NIGHT.

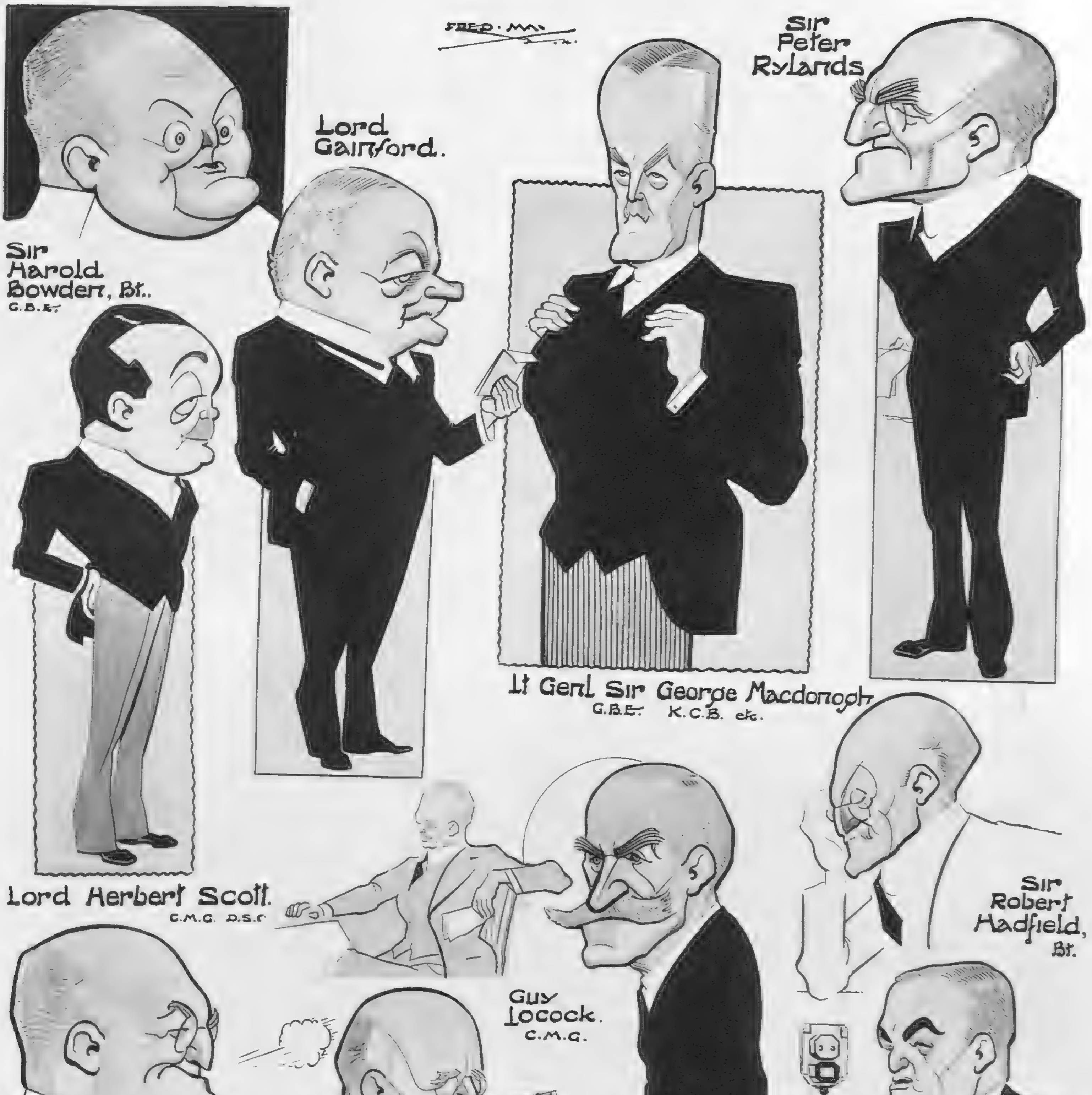
MISS ROSEMARY PETO and MR. NIGEL SEELY were among the young guests at the LIBERAL BALL in aid of the Women's National Liberal Federation.

MR. DINGLE FOOT, Liberal Member for Dundee City, and MRS. DINGLE FOOT came to the ball. She was Miss Dorothy Elliston, and is a bride of 1933.

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL, P.C., G.C.B., the distinguished politician, formerly High Commissioner for Palestine, etc., was among the dancers. He is taking the floor with a young relative, MISS E. S. SALAMAN.

MRS. WINTRINGHAM (left) and the COUNTESS OF ROSEBERY received the guests. Mrs. Wintringham was formerly the Liberal Member for Louth.

The MARCHIONESS OF READING is here seen deep in conversation with one of the most famous of Liberal personalities, the COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH (right).



F. B. I. PERSONALITIES : BUSINESS BRAINS OF THE EMPIRE.

The meeting of the GRAND COUNCIL OF THE FEDERATION OF BRITISH INDUSTRIES inspired Fred May to the caricatures on this page. LT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MACDONOGH, C.B.E., K.C.B., is President, and LORD HERBERT SCOTT, C.M.G., D.S.O., is the President-elect, who takes over office in April. The British Industries Fair opens at Birmingham and Olympia in mid-February. SIR PETER RYLANDS, LORD GAINFORD, and SIR GEORGE BEHARRELL, D.S.O., are all Past Presidents.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

A Big Irish Pike. Far more huge Irish pike have been reported than have actually been caught, but I have just received the photograph—reproduced on this page—of a huge pike that was caught in 1928 and, I understand, has never been recorded. Mr. William W. Hewetson, the well-known Irish angler and competitor in the International Fly-Fishing Competition, took the pleasing picture of the ponderous pike and the dainty little maid. When he promised to send me the photograph, Mr. Hewetson said the weight of the pike was 36 lb., and it was caught by a friend of his on Lough Mask, on July 11, 1928. After taking the photograph, Mr. Hewetson measured the pike and found the length was 4 ft. 3 in. When opened, the stomach of the fish was empty—which was bad luck for the captor, as it would have been over the forty-pound mark had it been feeding. Mr. Alfred Jardine's 36-lb. pike, caught near Maidstone, Kent, on Jan. 24, 1877, only measured 46 in. in length.

The little girl in this photograph looks proud of her father's big fish—a THIRTY-SIX POUND PIKE caught in Lough Mask.

Spring Run of Salmon in the Ribble and Hodder.

Elation is expressed in the annual report of the Ribble Board of Conservators at the appearance of spring salmon in the Ribble and Hodder. Since 1931 consignments of salmon ova from the River Brora have been hatched in the Board's hatchery and the fry turned into the rivers. For the first time within living memory, early salmon were seen in the Hodder in the spring of 1933, and four fish, weighing from 10 lb. to 24 lb., were caught. Unfortunately, no scales of these fish were taken for examination, as they would probably have shown that the Board is wrong in thinking that these salmon represent the first return of fish hatched in 1931—the small proportion of fry which go to sea as smolts after spending only one year in fresh water. The earliest date at which any spring fish of the 1931 stocking could return is this spring, and the majority will not arrive until 1935. Although the Board appears to be wrong in thinking their stocking is responsible for these spring fish, the fact remains that spring fish were seen and caught. Where they came from is a mystery. The news will encourage anglers to try the Ribble and Hodder during the next few seasons.

This great big FILM FISH is a shark which is featured in "I COVER THE WATERFRONT," the picture directed by James Cruzo which has just been presented at the Leicester Square Theatre. The cast includes Claudette Colbert, Ben Lyon, and Ernest Torrence.

Pike among the Goldfish. A correspondent at Oxford informs me that the peace and serenity of the lily pond in the University Park were disturbed a few weeks ago by the sudden appearance of pike, which played havoc with the goldfish and alarmed the ducks. The ban on fishing in the pond was lifted by the authorities so that the intruders could be removed. Mr. Bryce McMaster was deputed to rid the pond of its unwelcome visitors, and he acquitted himself nobly. On the first day he landed a pike of 3½ lb., and did even better the next day with one of 7½ lb. The pond is filled from a pipe leading from the river, and the two pike evidently travelled "by tube" to the lily pond and were doing themselves very well until they met Mr. McMaster.

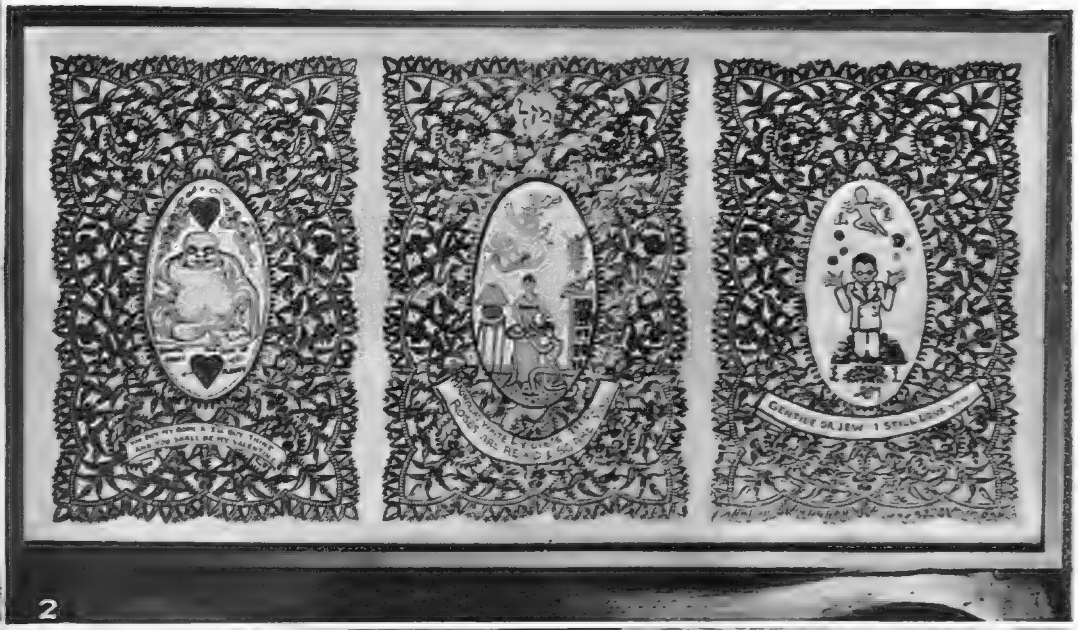
Shannon Salmon Shocked. If the statements made by the Inspector and various Conservators at a recent meeting of the Limerick Fishery Board are correct, the Shannon electric scheme has ruined the salmon-fishing. According to these statements the salmon are so shocked by the scheme that, rather than attempt the pass provided for them, they are using the Mulhear tributary four or five miles above Limerick on the southern bank of the Shannon. The inspector, Mr. J. Daly, stated that 7000 salmon had entered the Mulhear—650 of them in a period of three days. Their average weight he estimated at 20 lb., and of the total number fifty were clean-run fish—springers. This proof of salmon finding new spawning-grounds when debarred from returning to the place where they were hatched, is of the greatest interest.

Tunny-Fishing off Nova Scotia. Writing from Montreal, a *Sketch* reader, Mr. Duncan M. Hodgson, informs me that he has caught some fine tunny during the past two seasons off the coast of Nova Scotia. The last and also the largest he killed weighed 715 lb. Mr. Hodgson noticed my reference to the fact that some of the tunny landed off Scarborough were secured in twenty minutes or less. As his 715-lb. fish took him two hours to land, and on a more lively 700-pounder he had a hard fight of four hours, he came to the conclusion that his tackle is not up to date. These times correspond fairly well, I think, with the average time taken to land their fish by the majority of tunny anglers fishing off Scarborough and Whitby last season. Mr. Hodgson fished with "39-ply line" from a sixteen-foot row-boat, and he asks if this is according to the British Tunny Club's rules. If "39-ply line" is the same as 39-thread line, Mr. Hodgson conformed more strictly to the rules than did some of the members of the Club. Very few fish were taken on lines of less than 54-thread. This letter interested me very much, for tunny-fishing is a fascinating subject for discussion.

R. L. MARSTON.

This MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN OF THE DOURADO (Salminus brevidens) weighed 32½ lb. It was caught in the Rio das Velhas, Brazil, by Mr. A. G. N. Chalmers. The dourado are splendid fighters, and though Mr. Chalmers hooked this fish at five o'clock, it was moonlight when he landed it two hours later!

LOUIS GOLDING
IN HIS "EARLY CALEDONIAN MARKET" FLAT.



1. *MR. LOUIS GOLDING, author of the successful novel "Magnolia Street," which is shortly to be seen in London as a play, lives in Cambridge Street, W.2. He collects Cherubs, and possesses specimens from various countries. He describes his flat, as a whole, as furnished in "Early Caledonian Market style."*
2. *Modern beauties sometimes complain that they never receive Valentines! Successful novelists do! This fine specimen was sent to Mr. Golding by an unknown admirer.*
3. *Mr. Golding is fond of Chinese works of art. He is here seen contemplating a fine T'ang head. Maybe he is asking if the wise Oriental approves of his new novel, "Five Silver Daughters."*
4. *The basement "roof-garden" is a great feature of Mr. Golding's flat. Obviously, it is the statue on the right that is the father of Mr. Golding's collection of cherubs!*
5. *Mr. Golding is posed in the comfortable sitting-room of his flat. The Madonna from St. Pol, near Nice, travelled with him from France in a sack. The owner says that the Customs officials suspected that it might be the corpse of a lady who had disappeared recently in France, but the name of the author of "Magnolia Street" on the label dispelled their fears.*

THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

No. 11.—HUGH WALPOLE.

With this series, "The Sketch" lifts the veil on the Worst Moments in the lives of some distinguished persons. Mr. HUGH WALPOLE, the famous novelist, is the second to go into the "confessional." He is the author of "Rogue Herries," "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair," and many other widely read books.

HUGH WALPOLE stepped over the edge of a jetty in Liverpool, fell thirty feet into the icy waters of the Mersey, and lost consciousness. That happened on a black winter's night in 1917. It was so dark—and of course, being war time, it was impossible to show any kind of light—that he had missed the gangway.

Hugh Walpole was a King's Messenger, and he had been commissioned to take charge of the British Propaganda campaign in Russia. Twice before he had tried to sail from Liverpool, but both times his ship had been chased back to port by enemy submarines.

The third attempt, though it had an unfortunate beginning for him, proved to be the lucky one, for this time the ship managed to reach the high seas in safety. A few days later she was in the Arctic Ocean. Hugh Walpole, stepping on deck one morning, saw a sight which has lived vividly in his memory ever since.

It was one of those glorious mornings with the sun shining brightly. Its light was amber in the frosty atmosphere, and it turned everything it touched, the ice-floes of the Arctic Ocean, the wake of the ship, and the clouds, into shimmering, living gold. Such a sight, thrilling in its beauty, drowned Hugh Walpole's depression, which had followed his "ducking" in Liverpool. It seemed a happy augury for his mission. He took a deep breath and sighed happily. On such a morning, what else could the future seem but bright?

But the Arctic morning had prophesied falsely, for dark clouds gathered on Hugh Walpole's horizon almost as soon as he had landed. Indeed, there seemed to be a sinister atmosphere pervading Russia, a threat of a bomb which was about to burst in the faces of the sanguinary.

MR. HUGH WALPOLE, C.B.E., the famous novelist, is the second to disclose his secret in "THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE" series for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. He is the author of many brilliant novels, including "The Duchess of Wrexe," "The Cathedral," "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair," "Rogue Herries," etc. He is a son of the late Bishop of Edinburgh. In our photograph he is posed beside a particularly fine specimen of a T'ang horse.

In Petrograd this feeling was even more intense.

Hugh Walpole set up his office there, and began his propaganda campaign. But he did so with an intuitive sense of its futility. Somehow this did not seem the time for British propaganda, though Russia and England were on the most cordial terms.

On the surface, however, the campaign seemed to be progressing splendidly. On every side everyone received Hugh Walpole's overtures with the greatest civility.

But, in spite of the extraordinary smoothness with which his negotiations were running, Hugh Walpole felt uneasy. He felt that all the promises he had been given were merely conditionary, that everyone who gave them was only doing so absent-mindedly, as if his whole mind was centred on a far more important problem; a problem which was yet to come. It came.

One midday Hugh Walpole was standing by the window of his office, high up in a big building, idly watching the antics of a crowd of skaters on a rink just below. The morning's work was done, and he was contemplating the prospect of lunch.

Suddenly he stiffened. Below, the skaters had disappeared from the rink as if by magic. A moment ago they had been there; he had averted his eyes for only a few seconds; now the rink was bare. Why?

At the same time the sound of shouting and cheering, mixed with that of shooting, reached his ears. Looking up the street to the corner where it crossed the main thoroughfare, he saw an incredible sight.

A procession was moving along it—a terrifying procession. At the head of it were dozens of blood-red banners, behind which followed an apparently boundless army of men—all kinds of men; some in rags and some well dressed, but having one thing in common—they all carried rifles.

Beside the men ran women and children, screaming exhortations and waving red flags, blouses, petticoats—anything, in fact, they had been able to find that was *red*.

Hugh Walpole opened the window. A roaring wave of sound surged into the office. The whole city seemed in turmoil. From every part of it came the menacing symphony of yells and cheers and singing and gunfire.

"What the devil is all this about?"

Hugh Walpole leaned out of the window to get a better look at what was happening in the street.

Crack! A bullet flattened itself on the wall just behind him. It had missed his head by a fraction of an inch.

Hugh Walpole withdrew hastily and slammed the window shut. Out of the reach of stray bullets, a strange exhilaration seized him. . . . It was the Revolution—at last. A mighty people was freeing itself from slavery and fighting its way to freedom.

But as it grew late he became anxious—what was happening to his friends, to the many English people he knew in Petrograd; or, still worse, to his friends belonging to the Russian aristocracy? He dared not think.

Another thought struck him. It was late, but still the mob was surging about the street below. It would be worse than folly to try to reach his hotel under such conditions. He would have to stay in the office all night.

It was an uncomfortable thought, which did not prove any more comfortable in practice.

It was nearly dawn when at last he did manage to get to sleep, but he had barely succeeded when he was awakened by a loud knocking and many raucous voices demanding admission. It was the revolutionaries. They were convinced that a policeman was hiding in the office. The mob, in the fury of their new-found power, were massacring the police, who, as their greatest oppressors, were their most immediate enemies.

But he was still safe when the sun rose on a bloody city. As the light became stronger, he could from the window see the snow in the street, which had been white the day before, stained red, and in places, shapeless heaps, that had been living, breathing men a few hours before, lay forlornly under the dawn.

But the revolutionaries had gone. Now was the moment to escape. A minute later Hugh Walpole was in the street—he would have to hurry—there was still rioting in other parts of the city—he could hear the shouting and the shooting—what was that on the pavement? He averted his eyes—he would have to try to avoid those sights—where was he now? Oh, yes, the Nevski Prospect—what a scene of desolation! It was terrible.

Someone ran across Hugh Walpole's path. He did not get much further; a shot rang out, and the man fell to the ground only a few yards away. Hugh Walpole darted down a side street—there was a short cut to his hotel—if only he could remember it—was it to the left, now, or to the right?—which?—a little further—no, it was no use, he was lost—no, here was a main street, and over there a policeman—he would ask the way.

"Could you tell me the way to the Astoria Hotel?"

"Astoria Hotel? Certainly, Sir. Down this street——"

The policeman lifted his arm and pointed down a street on the right. Hugh Walpole looked along the policeman's arm in the direction it pointed—a shot—the policeman's arm sagged in front of Hugh Walpole's eyes. The policeman staggered, fell, and lay dead at Hugh Walpole's feet.

CYRIL BUTCHER.

HER GRACE—
AND "GRACES" AT THE CHESHIRE HUNT BALL.

THE CHESHIRE HUNT BALL took place last week at Chester. The DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER, wearing an ostrich-feather cape, was among the dancers. MR. F. VERSON is standing on her right, laughing.

MR. F. VERSON and his fiancée, MISS URSULA REISS, were photographed sitting out at the ball.

Can you find yourself, or any of your friends? Our view of some of the guests at the Cheshire Hunt Ball shows the crowd at the top of the stairs outside the ball-room door.

This group includes MAJOR MANDLEBERG, MRS. TREHERNE-THOMAS, MRS. BLEACKLEY, MRS. MANDLEBERG, CAPTAIN BLEACKLEY, and MR. KENNETH TREHERNE-THOMAS.

MAJOR TOMPKINSON, MRS. REID-WALKER, MRS. TOMPKINSON, and CAPTAIN REID-WALKER are here seated from left to right. They were taken during one of the dance intervals.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

THE Liberal Party Spirit is a grand thing. It brought Lady Oxford from Vienna, Miss Katharine Tennant from North Berwick, and Lady Fisher-Smith from Halifax. All three came specially to London for the Liberal Ball. Miss Katharine Tennant found it was question as well as congratulation-time. One politically enthusiastic friend asked her whether there was any hope of converting her fiancé, Walter Elliot, to Liberal politics. He was not there to refute the suggestion, and Miss Tennant raised no false hopes!

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Lady Rosebery, who helped Mrs. Wintringham to receive, had a necklace of diamonds—three rows of them—all as large as peas. Her head-dress was made of immense pearls in a massed wreath, mounted on a bandeau of black crêpe; but she had resisted any temptation to arrange these real jewels in a halo shape.

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Mrs. Stopford Brooke had the most original dress—striped green and white organdie. Mrs. Edwin Montagu enjoyed the best laughs, with Harcourt Johnstone, the Liberal Whip, who was evidently in the best of form and went in to supper with her arm-in-arm, in pre-war style. He did not spend the whole evening in making other people laugh, though, for he simply roared himself over John Tilley's amusing sketch about a meeting of a Board of Directors.

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The Dingle Foots brought the largest party, for they entertained twenty-five in the House of Commons first; and the Walter Reas and the Geoffrey Manders had dinners which "joined up" at the ball.

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The Hon. Mrs. John Hare (formerly Nancy Pearson) can surely claim the world's championship for lightning wedding-dress change. She ordered a bridal outfit, but when it came home and was tried on, the family council agreed that it was not what they wanted her to wear. So at nine in the morning on the day before the wedding she rushed off and chose an entirely new model—this time of velvet instead of satin. In less than twenty-four hours it was cut, fitted, finished, *and* approved. Even the veil had to be changed, as deep cream tulle was required to match the dress.

MISS SYLVIA COLERIDGE is to appear in the O.U.D.S. production of "Dr. Faustus" from February 20-24. She is shown as Chloe in "The Faithful Shepherdess."

ANNE, LADY SELSDON possesses two very unusual pets, presented to her by her son, the Hon. Peter Mitchell-Thomson, in order to relieve the tedium of her convalescence from a recent accident. This is her GALAGO, or "BUSH BABY," from Rhodesia. Its minute size may be gauged by comparison with Lady Selsdon's fingers.

ANNE, LADY SELSDON is here posed with her DOUROUCOULI, an unusual South American pet which her son, the Hon. Peter Mitchell-Thomson, gave her. It is a charming creature, but gives visitors a surprise sometimes, for, with its companion, the "Bush Baby," it jumps about the room and sometimes alights on the head of a visitor!

Ombre and cribbage hostesses in the eighteenth century obviously did not mind a little chat among their guests, for the "news-reel" playing-cards, such as can be seen at the Marlborough and Queen Anne Exhibition at Chesterfield House for the Y.W.C.A., *must* have encouraged conversation!

Each card is adorned with a topical scene of the period. For instance, on the five of diamonds the King of Spain is seen being entertained at Windsor; and the nine of hearts bears a picture representing Queen Anne touching for the Evil. Real personages are featured in another pack, as court cards. The Queen is both Ace of Hearts and Queen of Clubs; and Mme. de Maintenon, the pious mistress of Louis the Fourteenth's old age, is the Queen of Spades. It was an English habit to use cards as political picture-books, for in 1679 the imaginary "Papist plots" were all recorded thus. To criticise these cards, or to refuse to play with such "Protestant" packs, was to court grave suspicion.

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Mrs. Winston Churchill was at the Private View of the exhibition, getting the atmosphere before her appearance as official opener, perhaps, though she must know most of the exhibits by heart. Lady Violet Benson and Mrs. Arthur Grenfell went round arm-in-arm, and Baroness Cartier de Marchienne dashed in for a moment before a matinée. Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, a great supporter of the Y.W.C.A., had her daughter Dorothy under her wing, and was pointing out the beauty and variety of the stitches in the Queen Anne needlework.

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Mrs. Cecil Harcourt is one of London's perfect musical hostesses. She always has interesting artists, and her parties are perfectly organised by her sailor husband. He can get a roomful of guests all seated and silent in the shortest possible time, and without using "a quarter-deck manner or voice," which makes it all the more remarkable. Mrs. Harcourt had Engel Lund, the Danish singer, at her Sunday concert last week. Miss Lund was born in Iceland, and is a heroic Viking type. She speaks English, French, German, Danish, Icelandic, Swedish, and Yiddish, and sings in all these languages. It doesn't matter whether you're a linguist or not, as Engel Lund's humorous explanations precede each song, and, anyway, she's such a wonderful artist that you *must* understand! The Danish Minister and Countess Ahlefeldt Laurvig, who are both extremely musical, are admirers of Engel Lund and gave a party last year to hear her. Sir Nigel Playfair and his wife, and Frau Artur Schnabel, wife of the pianist, were among those registering approval at Mrs. Harcourt's.

VISCOUNT and VISCOUNTESS CRAIGAVON are among the fortunate people who have gone to the West Indies. They have left the fogs and cold of this country for a six weeks' cruise on board the Orient liner "Orontes."

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"Die Fledermaus" would be enough to intimidate most amateurs, but the Alan Turner Operatic Company have stout hearts as well as good voices, so they boldly tackled the Strauss opera in the cause of charity last week. Prince Arthur of Connaught came to hear it on the first night, to help the Middlesex Hospital, and, as there's no royal box at the Rudolf Steiner Hall, sat in the gallery. The programme sellers included Anne Quilter, the blonde and beautiful younger sister of Mrs. John Benson; and Lady Pauncefort-Duncombe was among the audience. Her sister, Miss Denny, had worked hard to make the show a success.

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The London-Salzburg Society were party-givers of the week. Their excellent concert at the Garden Club was in honour of Herr Bruno Walter, the famous conductor, who helped to receive the guests. The artists included Rose Walter, the soprano; Thelma Reiss, the 'cellist; and Esther Fisher, the pianist, who played Debussy, Cyril Scott, and Rachmaninoff.

The Austrian Minister, the Mark Hambourgs, and other leaders of London's musical set were present. Also Mrs. Edward Joicey, known to the war generation as "Vi" Loraine. She is extremely fond of classical music. It this news to you?

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Lady Wolmer will have two grown-up daughters this season, but only one to take about, the débutante Miss Laura Palmer. Her elder girl, Miss Anne Palmer, who is twenty years of age, prefers zoology to society. She is studying this science at Somerville College, and can't be tempted to London.

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London audiences acquired a taste for ballet in far-distant pre-war times from the Diaghileff Company, and, as is usual in this conservative country, they have remained faithful to this art! This is probably why the first night of the "Ballets Jooss" at the Gaiety was attended by such a proud galaxy of the well-known. The diplomatic world was represented by the bachelor Austrian Minister and the bachelor Polish Ambassador. Baron von Franckenstein, the former, was in one of the stage boxes. He is extremely fond of music, and is a noted concert-giver. M. Skirmunt, the latter, is white-haired and distinguished-looking, and also famous for his good parties.

Lord and Lady Melchett, who seldom miss a first night, were in the front row of the stalls, she in black and silver, with silver sandals and no stockings. During the interval M. Skirmunt walked over and talked to them, no doubt comparing his views of the programme with theirs. Lady Patricia Latham wore black and silver; so did Mrs. Lorna Rea, the novelist. Mrs. Kitty Keigwin was there, telling everyone how thrilled she is that her first work of fiction will shortly be published.

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Baron Franckenstein, the Austrian Minister, had one of his musicales last week. The programme included dancing produced by Gertrud Bodenwieser (who is a celebrity of the Vienna Academy of Music) and given by her English pupils. Most of these studied under her when "finishing" in Vienna, notably Janet Rutherston, niece of Sir William and Lady Rothenstein, who were, of course, there to see her perform. No stage was erected for the dancers, but a backcloth of black velvet was hung in the central of the three connecting salons used for Ministerial entertaining.

FREDA, COUNTESS OF LISTOWEL, and LADY ELIZABETH HARE are here seen arriving for the marriage of the Hon. John Hare to the Hon. Nancy Pearson, at Lambeth Palace Chapel.

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Baron Franckenstein's guests always include those who are interested in music and the arts, rather than the "merely smart." Lady Oxford, of course, belongs to both the smart and the intelligent worlds, and took a special interest in the Bodenwieser dances, as her three grandchildren are studying under her in Vienna. The Martin Harveys were invited too, and Lord and Lady Esher and Sir Robert and Lady Witt.

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The other artists included Professor Adolf Rebner, the violinist, and his son, Wolfgang, who accompanies him; Mme. Hella Toros, who is half-Italian and half-Austrian; and Fernando Gusso, the Italian tenor; so the music was not quite so national as usual at his Excellency's parties.

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As usual, we are to have a gay Lent. The six weeks of self-denial imposed by the Church always seem to inspire our hostesses to special activities in honour of their daughters. Obviously it must be a Lenten penance!

Lady Eleanor King is being particularly unselfish, for she is giving a dance with Mr. Edward Eliot, the widower brother of Lord St. Germans, for their respective daughters, Lucy King and Margaret Eliot, who are both ex-débutantes (or three-year-old fillies, if you like to use the sporting term). There will be one hostess and two hosts at this dance, for Sir John King will, of course, help his wife receive on March 6. The fourteenth is another dance date, for Lord and Lady Elphinstone are giving a pre-Easter party for their daughters; and Mrs. N. Hanbury is another dance hostess. Her girl "Marty" is to have a ball given for her by her grandmother, Mrs. Maude.

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What an enthusiastic reception Sir Thomas Beecham had at the second Philharmonic Concert of this season! It was the first at which he had conducted this year—Bruno Walter having taken his place at the opening night. Not only was the applause prolonged at the end of the evening, but the audience showed its appreciation of this wonderful conductor at every possible opportunity.

The HON. JOHN HARE, second brother of the Earl of Listowel, married the HON. NANCY PEARSON, second sister of Viscount Cowdray, at Lambeth Palace Chapel.

But that I should have lived to see two women in the stalls chewing chocolates all the time! It must be admitted, however, that they did it very quietly. Another mild sensation was a woman in full evening dress with gaiters over her satin shoes.

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The hall was full of the usual band of Philharmonic regulars, headed by one of Lord Hambleden's brothers, Mr. Anthony Asquith, and, of course, Lady Cunard.

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Mrs. Cochrane's basement Wednesday-Thursday Gallery has set in for success, I should say. She arranged a sherry party for yesterday for the opening of Robert Gibbing's new show. It was really quite an occasion, because, though celebrated for his brilliant wood-engravings, he has never before had a show of his sculpture. So Mrs. Cochrane felt quite triumphant at having persuaded him to include some examples. He shows no fear in his technique on the plastic side of art, and his work is impressively modern and interesting.

MARIEGOLD.

MISS SYLVIA EMILY ("BURRY") BURBIDGE, second daughter of Sir Woodman and Lady Burbidge, married MR. ERIC MACLEOD MITCHELL, son of the late Mr. W. H. Mitchell and of Mrs. Waterer, of The Knowe, Reigate, at Brompton Parish Church. The bride and bridegroom are here seen at the reception; with her parents, SIR WOODMAN and LADY BURBIDGE.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MR. JOHN TILLEY officially unveiled the wax effigy of Miss Mae West in Madame Tussaud's. The ceremony took place at midnight; and a special broadcast to America had been arranged. Mr. Tilley's speech referred to the effigies of Queen Elizabeth, Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey in facetious American. He remarked that he understood that Miss West and Queen Elizabeth were now friends, and that Mae had persuaded the Virgin Queen to have her face lifted—with the result that Lord Essex had petitioned the Board of Directors to move him into the Chamber of Horrors in order to escape from her.

IT'S fun to play the game of "Happy Families" in connection with celebrities, and guess what stock each came from. No LESLIE HENSON "fan" would ever get their hero's origin right, or imagine that he is actually "Master Bones, the Butcher's Son." Our famous comedian's father was a wholesale meat contractor and, at the age of sixteen, Leslie went into the business, and, for six months, had the address of "Slaughter Houses," Dundee.

THE origins of modern manners and customs are always a little surprising! MISS MARGARET MURRAY, the distinguished archæologist and authority on witchcraft, says that the waltz is a descendant of the Devil-Dance.

MR. JOHN TILLEY, the comedian—FOR UNVEILING "MAE WEST" AND BROADCASTING TO AMERICA ABOUT IT.

MR. LESLIE HENSON—FOR CONFESSING THAT HE HAD BEEN A BUTCHER—WITH THE ADDRESS: "SLAUGHTER HOUSES, DUNDEE."

MISS MARGARET MURRAY—FOR SAYING THAT THE WALTZ ORIGINATED FROM DEVIL-DANCING.

SEVEN-MONTHS'-OLD RICHARD ARLEN, JUNIOR (here shown with his father and MISS SALLY EILERS)—FOR SUCCEEDING BABY LEROY WHO, AT TWO, HAS REACHED YEARS OF DISCRETION.

AFTER being a co-star with Maurice Chevalier, Baby Leroy has found that the younger generation is already knocking at the door! He has been judged to have reached "years of discretion" at the age of two, and has been succeeded by RICHARD ARLEN, JUNIOR, who is to appear in "The Baby in the Ice-Box," with Sally Eilers.

THE Mantle of the Prophet obviously descended on us in 1926, for in our Christmas "Sketch-Book" we published a drawing illustrating what would happen if a loving owner lost her Black Cat and advertised that the finder would be "handsomely rewarded!" Congestion equal to that depicted by Arthur Watts *really* took place in the streets of Dublin last week in answer to the advertisement by Mr. Sean Keating, R.H.A., for a Black Cat model. He wanted just one good-looking pussy to sit for him for "Luck." Every black cat owner in Dublin seems to have turned up, hoping to get the fee of five pounds!

STAR-GAZING is supposed to be a somewhat unpractical occupation, but it has not had any such effect on MISS ETHEL BELLAMY. Since the age of fourteen or so, she has acted as assistant at the Oxford University Observatory, and, with her uncle, Mr. F. A. Bellamy, she has determined the position of nearly a million stars. She recently received an Hon. M.A. Degree from Oxford University. She makes her own dresses, and has other hobbies.

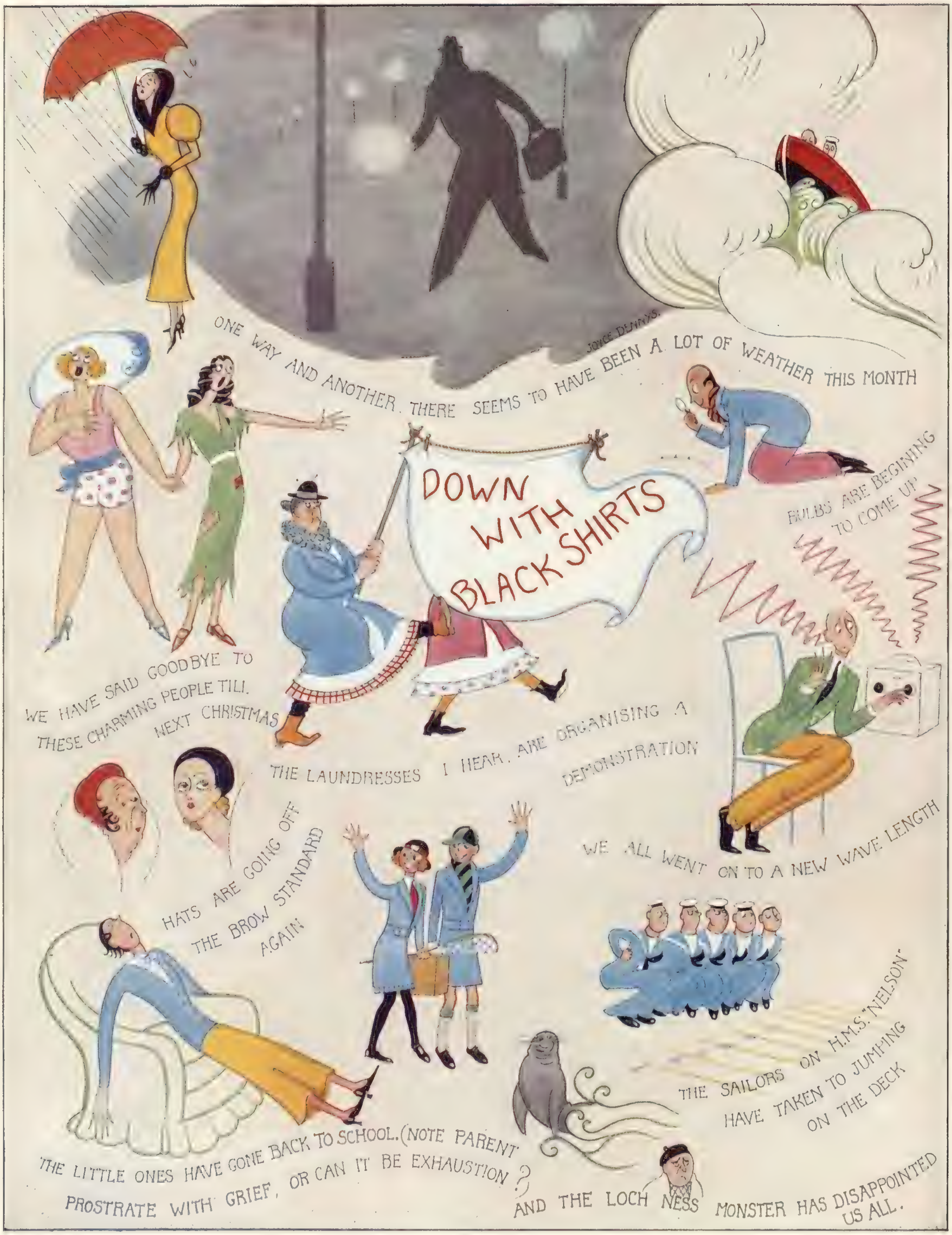
OURSELVES—FOR HAVING ANTICIPATED (IN 1926) WITH THE ABOVE DRAWING—"LOST: BLACK CAT. FINDER WILL BE HANDSOMELY REWARDED."—THE SCENE SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IN DUBLIN THE OTHER DAY, WHEN A BLACK CAT HAD BEEN ADVERTISED FOR AND CROWDS OF OWNERS—AND CATS—ARRIVED AT THE PLAZA HALL.

MISS ETHEL BELLAMY—FOR HAVING SEEN A MILLION STARS; AND YET HAVING HAD TIME TO MAKE HER OWN DRESSES.

GRAN'POP'S IGLOO.

"Clear your door-steps?"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)



"THE SKETCH" REVIEW OF THE MONTH. — JANUARY.

This is the second of the special "Sketch" series of Reviews of the Month, published with the idea of helping our readers to keep in the movement and know what's going on in the world! The first, dealing with December, appeared in our issue dated January 3.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY JOYCE DENNYS.

1934 BEAUTY AS A BOUCHER.

MISS JOY MARINA LYON, the beautiful young daughter of the late Mr. Fitz-Roy David Lyon, 1st Life Guards, and of Mrs. Lyon, is here posed in a perfect Boucher fancy dress. Mrs. Lyon and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell are giving a joint dance for their daughters, Miss Joy Marina Lyon and the Hon. Nefertari Bethell, on March 7.

LONDON'S ONLY HUNT BALL.

1

HUNTING SOCIETY DANCING IN TOWN.

2

3

1. *The* UNITED HUNTS BALL *was held last week at the Savoy.* MAJOR SMITH-BOSANQUET, M.F.H., *is blowing the horn.* COL. SOWARDS *and* CAPTAIN JACKSON *are with him.*
2. LADY DANCE *(left) is here seen with* MR. *and* MRS. GEORGE DUNKERLEY.
3. MRS. LINCOLN STRONG *and* MISS MOLLY BISHOP *were among the guests at the dance.*

4

4. *A striking ball-room photograph—* DANCING IN THE DARK.
5. *This trio consists of* MISS CRUMALY, MR. D. ANSTRUTHER, *and* MISS JEAN BECKWITH.
6. CAPTAIN J. O'BEIRNE, *Inniskilling Dragoons;* MISS ROSARIO SCROPE, CAPTAIN H. S. FORD, *Inniskilling Dragoons; and* MISS MARGIE EYSTON.

A LORD OF THE MANOR
AS AHAB OF "ELIJAH."

CAPTAIN CUTHBERT REAVELEY, Lord of the Manor of Kinnersley, is singing Ahab, King of Israel, in Mendelssohn's "ELIJAH," at the Albert Hall from February 12 - 24, in aid of St. Dunstan's and the National Birthday Trust Fund. He sings under the name of Carlo di Rivoli, and is the only officer in the Regular Army who has sung at Covent Garden. He was in the Shropshire Light Infantry.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOWARD COSTER.

A GOOD TACKLE PROBABLY LEADING TO A LOOSE SCRUM.

A TACKLE.

SCRUM-HALF IN ACTION.

THE "LINE-OUT."

ACTION IN "RUGGER" —

ST OVER! SCORING A TRY.

A FORWARD'S RUN-THROUGH, WELL SUPPORTED.

THE SCRUM IN ACTION.

THE "HAND-OFF."

THREE-QUARTERS IN ACTION.

AT this time of the year, everyone in Great Britain is thoroughly "Rugger-minded." The thrills of the game and its speed and vigour are illustrated in our series of action studies by Paul Ordner.

AS SEEN BY AN ARTIST.

GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

Liveliness in Leicestershire.

After all, the frost was not so bad, and once on the move, it went with magic speed. So much so that the country bumpkins had a hearty laugh at those who 'd gone to London till further notice. Friday found the going unexpectedly possible, so the Quorn had a happy day from Twyford, comparatively unhampered. Those competing spoke well of a hunt from Sherrard's Spinney, round Rearsby, Brooksby, and the good Gaddesby country. Further fun occurred after calling at Sherrard's a second time, hounds racing over the South Croxton brook to Barkby Holt in fine style.

Next day the Belvoir hit the bull's-eye twice after meeting at Long Clawson. The first hunt was quite the best they 've had this season. Finding at Sherbrooke's, the fox got hotted up across a couple of fields by a sheep-dog and quickly jinked left-handed over the Smite. This was a great help to hounds, for the brook, even in this year of drought, is a fine steadier, and prevented that first rush which ruins so many hunts. If *only* people would take this in and act accordingly! Mrs. Lowry Payne-Gallwey did her best to stem the tide; her horse, sensible of the bath-water shortage, plunged in without hesitation and gave her a proper ducking. This was unlucky for her rescuers, as by then hounds had really settled to their job, and were well away in the Quorn country. Just missing Parson's Thorns, they ran on to Kinoulton; then right-handed, leaving Kaye Wood two fields off and to ground between Hose and Harby villages. They deserved their bolted fox, but it seemed a pity that such a good customer should not live for another day. The one-horse men and women had then reluctantly to leave, whilst the more fortunate went on to Hose Thorns. A quick thing to Sherbrooke's resulted, then slower on to Clawson Thorns and so home, more than satisfied.

More About the Quorn and Belvoir.

The Quorn were at Willoughby the following Monday. This is in peerless surroundings for fox-hunting purposes, but the mechanical menace grows worse each year, and, after running from Thorpe Spinney in a ring, Ella's Gorse-wards, hounds came on to the higher ground by Munday's Gorse to find the bisecting roads there a solid mass of motor-cars. Nothing daunted, they ran on and completed a large ring and a creditable performance. Falls were numerous, and everyone was sorry that Lady Theresa Cross had another bad jerk.

Captain Philip Donner dispensed cherry brandy and other delights with a lavish hand on the occasion of the lawn meet at the Spinney. These solaces were required during a morning's blankness, but Newman's Gorse put that right. Going away with only a skeleton pack (very wrong), a high-class, top-speed ride was enjoyed *via* Coston village as far as a drain near Sproxton Thorns. Lunch and a second horse were welcome here. A Coston covert fox made a sortie into the Cottesmore country as far as Woodwell Head and back to the start, thereby ending a jolly day.

LADY ISOBEL MANNERS is the second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. She was out when the Belvoir met at the Spinney, Melton Mowbray.

A "Beaufortshire" Budget.

A very quiet week, last, all ways! January left us without regret on any side, having plagued us with constant snaps of frost and fog, and seldom to never provided a scent to write home—or to *The Sketch*—about! The Duke eased off a bit last week, and Tom hunted hounds three days. It froze hard enough to make Wednesday's and Thursday's meets twelve o'clock ones, but on both occasions it was "quite all ri'" by then. Lower Woods has limited attractions, except for foxes, who simply swarm there! The afternoon frolic over the walls between Chalkley and the outside edge of Badminton Park, as landmarked by the "thin long line" of the Seven-Mile Avenue, was acclaimed as quite amusing by those few who had it. The Biddestone Thursday was noted for more foxes than scent to hunt them with, and their tendency to seek underground sanctuary was deemed deplorable.

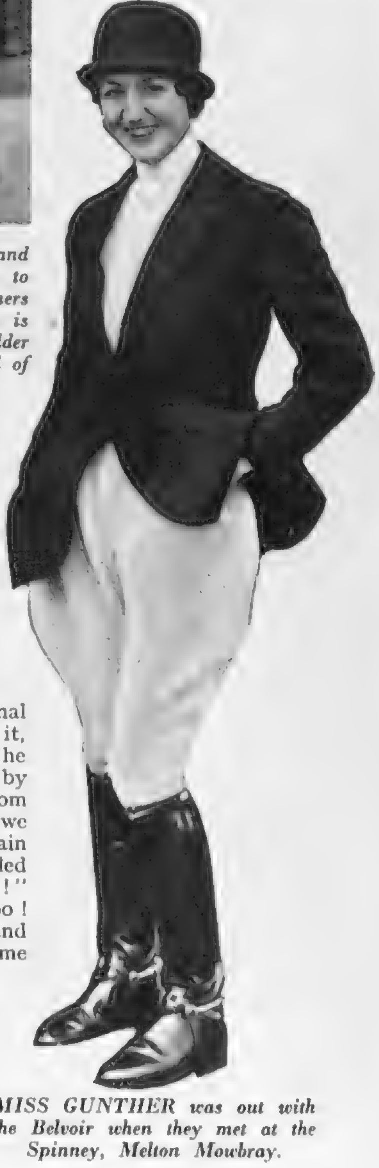
Friday from Yate was too closely concerned with the Midland Railway in the morning, a brief invasion of Berkeley country involving several crossings. The next fox fled to Lower Woods. And that was that! A trip down the vale to the Common from Horton Bushes, and back past the Hall, ended in slight confusion *chez* the Baron, the pack having previously split.

Pink and Blue at Easton Grey.

The Easton Grey crowd was treated to a nice little tarmac-trot to Pinkney, where, by the by, the new owners are not expected for some time. We liked best Mrs. Guy Gibbs's outfit for following hounds—a miniature coster cart and "Sheltie"! Miss Nina Hood begged for a ride, and was given one. She, by the way, is one of our most attractive "debs," and quite the best-turned-out of them all; though the standard is high, mark ye! Who were out? Lords Westmorland and Apsley, Sir Walter Preston and two stalwart sons, all on fine weight-carriers; Colonel Algy Stanley, Colonel Walter Brinton, the Parsons from Badminton and Westonbirt, the Keith Menzies, Captain Holland-Hibbert, Mrs. Lloyd, Miss Schweder and Miss Stracey, from Newnton Priory; three Miss Pellys, Lady Kathleen Lindsay, Sir Philip Hunloke, Lady Cooper, Colonel Edgar Brassey; quite a few of the 9th Lancers from Tidworth; Gunners galore, including Colonel Evans-Gwynne, Captain Winslow, and our own Brigadier Carrington. So there were almost as many pink coats as blue.

LADY AMY BIDDULPH and her small son, ROBERT, went to the Ledbury Meet at the Somers Arms, Fastnor, Ledbury. She is the wife of Lord Biddulph's elder son, and is a sister of the Earl of Normanton.

Saturday's foxes whirled and twirled till we were quite too giddy, and all hot and bothered from being squeezed in so many gateways, the pace being insufficient to excuse jumping fences, under the eagle eye of the ducal Field-Master! As soon as we were over the river the annoying animal playing lead recrossed it, and that went on till he found a hole. Stoked up by quite a quick bit from Surrendell to Norton, we were brought up short again at the Grange, and appropriately whistled "Ding, dong, dell, Pussy 's in the well!" whilst George made the descent too! Well, it 's poor stuff to drink, anyhow, and may be omitted from the menu for a time with advantage. Monday saw all the hopefuls at Lyneham, Lords and Ladies. Also Lesser Lights. A gay parade. But Great Wood figured over-largely and long in the programme; and when the vale was explored there wasn't enough scent to really get going. So it was all rather *triste* and disappointing.



MISS GUNTHER was out with the Belvoir when they met at the Spinney, Melton Mowbray.

VERY CHAMPION! FAMOUS DOGS "BENCHED" FOR THE CAMERA.

THE EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAMOUS DOGS at the Ilford Galleries, High Holborn, is the first of its kind to be held. The pictures include this study of seven aristocrats of the SAMOYED FAMILY, all champions. They are the property of Miss Keyte Perry.

Lady Edith Windham's CHAMPION YORKSHIRE TERRIER, ROSE CRYSTAL OF SOHAM, is one of the subjects in the exhibition of dog studies; all by Fall, of Baker Street.

Lord Delamere opened the exhibition last week and made a speech on the subject of dogs. He is here seen with Mrs. H. E. Hobbs, wife of the founder and President of the Tail-Waggers, and her dog, BOBBY, THE FIRST TAIL-WAGGER, who is fourteen.

SANDRINGHAM SPARK, a beautiful CLUMBER SPANIEL, the property of H.M. the King, is another of the aristocratic dogs whose portraits are on view at the exhibition.

(Left) THE DACHSHUND, CHAMPION FIR OCHRE, the property of Mrs. Basil Huggins, is one of the famous dogs whose portraits are on view.

"DIE FLEDERMAUS" BY THE ALAN TURNER AMATEURS.

THE FIRST AMATEUR PERFORMANCES OF "DIE FLEDERMAUS," the Johann Strauss opera, were given at the Rudolf Steiner Hall by the ALAN TURNER OPERATIC SOCIETY last week in aid of the Middlesex Hospital and other charities. The Ballet was danced by the MISSES B. and S. CLARKSON, M. HAYMAN, A. MILLS, B. TILLERAY, A. WARWICK, and N. WOODGATE, who are shown in the Ball-room scene. Miss Norah Boylan danced "The Blue Danube."

(Left) MR. ALBERT BEACH played Alfred, the Singing Master, and MISS CECILIA LAWLESS was Rosalinda, the wife of Von Eisenstein.

(Right) The principals are here seen in the Ball-room scene (l. to r.) Molly (MISS PATRICIA McDONALD); the Governor of the Gaol (MR. CHARLES STONEBRIDGE); Rosalinda (MISS CECILIA LAWLESS); Orlofsky (MISS FREDRICA LITTLE); Von Eisenstein (MR. GEORGE BRODRICK); Adèle (MISS DOREEN HOWARD); and Dr. Falke (MR. FRANK HOYLE).

The second act of "Die Fledermaus" is set in Prince Orlofsky's ball-room. The Alan Turner Operatic Society is entirely amateur and has raised over £1000 for charities since its inception. The performance of "Fledermaus" was attended by H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught on the opening night. The London Light Theatre Orchestra played.

The Story of Augustus

With apologies to "ANON"
among whose works is that book of "merry stories and funny pictures"—STRUWWELPETER

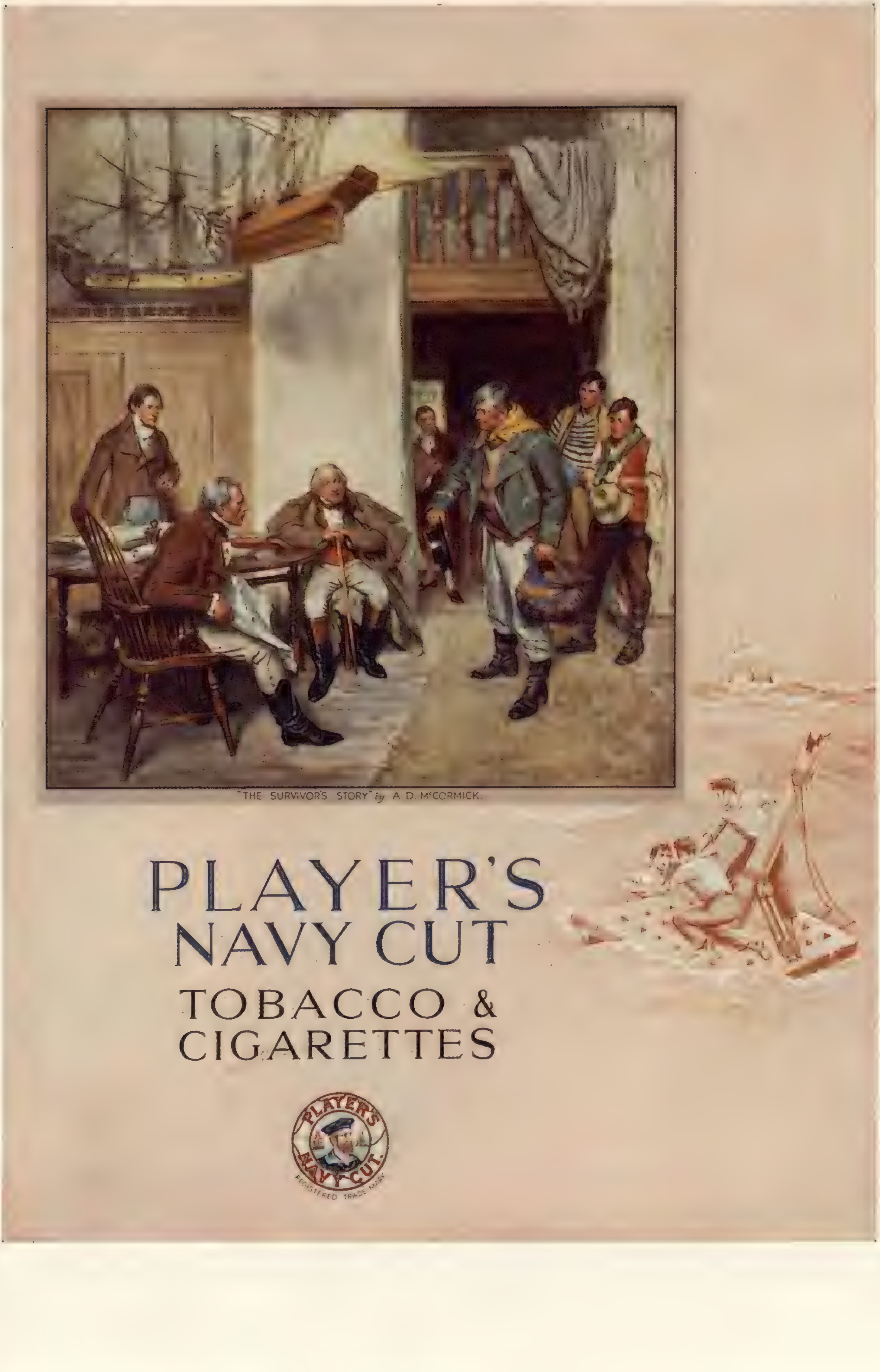
Augustus was a puny lad,
No strength at all Augustus had.
At twenty he was like a rake;
To look at him you'd think he'd break;
You'd think that at the least mishap
His fragile frame was bound to snap.
Till one day, one eventful day,
He cried—"I *will* not fade away,
So bring me Guinness quick, I pray,
I'll drink a Guinness every day."

Now look, the second picture shows
How strong and broad Augustus grows.
Yet though no longer feeling ill,
Augustus wisely cries out still,
"Guinness gives me strength, I say.
Guinness is good in every way—
I drink a Guinness every day."

Look at him now—the sturdy boy;
Imagine his fond mother's joy.
Confronted by such strength and size,
His friends can hardly trust their eyes.
Augustus demonstrates at length
That Guinness daily gives you strength.
He has improved in every way,
Since he drinks Guinness every day.

A GUINNESS A DAY
is good for you

G.E. 397. A


"THE SURVIVOR'S STORY" by A. D. McCORMICK.
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
TOBACCO &
CIGARETTES
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

BURBAGE AND THE TEMPTER IN "SPRING — 1600."

"SPRING—1600," the new play by Emlyn Williams at the Shaftesbury, introduces yet another historical personage to the stage—William Burbage, the Shakespearean actor, who is played by IAN HUNTER. Richard Burbage nearly misses the opening night at the famous Globe, owing to the attractions of a Lady Coperario (ISABEL JEANS).

PORTRAIT BY BERTRAM PARK.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

I WAS nine years old when I saw "EAST LYNNE" for the first time, in Amsterdam; people around me were crying, and I shed synchronic tears. Much later—a budding critic in London—I saw it again, and if the tears were not as copious, the sobs and sighs dimmed the other side of the stalls, especially when the boy died in tuberculosis and Lady Isabel succumbed to a broken heart. To-day, acted in burlesque spirit which, I fear, would cause Mrs. Henry Wood to turn in her grave, it is no longer an elegy of love, but a revel of mockery, of joy and extravaganza, at the Little Theatre. The performance in a mocking-bird mood was brilliant and hilarious. Exquisite Miss Helena Pickard as Lady Isabel, with a subtle undercurrent of rich feeling; gloriously bombastic the Archibald of Mr. Walter Fitzgerald; pompous in the most ludicrous, magnificent style, with a *Punch* cartoon air of the great Boucicault, Mr. Edgar Bruce, the originator of this gay feast; and among the others, nearly all in style and period as grotesque as the old-world scenery, the Sisters Ada, Miss Betty Hardy, and Miss Averil Tempest, who at once became the darlings of gods and men.

"*La jeunesse n'a qu'un temps*" sang the French poet, and here are two new young English authors who, to their jolly frolic, "FIRST EPISODE," renew the refrain with a vengeance. It will fill the Comedy for months — this naughty - naughty but never nauseous comedy of adolescence in the fullness of its burgeoning. It deals lightly and brightly with the antics, the vagaries, the adventures of a foursome of undergraduates; their love-affairs, their conquests, and their rebuffs at the hands of "experienced" charmers—actresses, of course, knowing how to play the classic of passion, sometimes with an eye to the main chance. I would spoil the delightful plot by telling it in a few words, but let me say that there is not a dull moment in the play, and that some scenes go to prove that these new authors far excel the prentice hand. It was superbly acted by Miss Barbara Hoffe, beautiful and impressive; Miss Meriel Forbes, boisterous and cocotte-ish; Mr. Max Adrian, delightfully bashful in his youthful wooing; Mr. Angus MacLeod and William Fox, capital in their portrayals of the two less unsophisticated youths; and last, but not least, Patrick Waddington, whose fine, vivacious, distinguished performance was full of humour.

"CLIVE OF INDIA." Robert Clive (LESLIE BANKS; right) is pointing out to the Governor (LOUIS GOODRICH; centre) that the only way to relieve Trichinopoly is to attack Arcot. Mr. Pemberton (GEORGE H. BISHOP; left) has half a mind to call him out. The Governor believes in Clive, who, having wriggled hundreds of miles through the French enemy's muddy lines, is contemplating a wash and brush-up.

Such plays as "CLIVE OF INDIA," by W. P. Lipscomb and R. J. Minney, produced with success at Wyndham's, deserve encouragement, even if there be flaws of structure and evolution. For our public knows little of, and cares less for, our Overseas Empire, and I am so bold as to say that, until the play was announced, only a minority of the drama's patrons had even heard of Clive—his rise, his greatness, and his fall. Now our authors have tried to compress his career into a few animated living pictures, with Clive and his wife as the central dominating figures, and they have only partially succeeded. From the moment when he abandons his clerkship of the E.I.C. to become a soldier, we are thrown into a turmoil of excited scenes, all marking his progress, but in a spasmodic way with long spans of time, and, in detail, scarcely comprehensible to the average hearer. Except to Indian experts present, nobody knew what these talks, these upheavals, these diplomatic fencings about treaties meant. They were as hazy as the exquisite scenery of Mr. Lawrence Irving was fraught with the sultry atmosphere of India and, in contrast, the frigid austerity of London in the eighteenth century. Fortunately, in the third act, the authors lay a firm grip on events; they idealise in beautiful episodes the love of Clive for his wife, and her tender solicitation for his welfare, and graphically bring home how the man who gave us an Empire suffered moral defeat, was flouted by Parliament for his honesty, and comforted in his hours of suffering by a message from his King. Discreetly they have spared us Clive's suicide, so that actually the play rings out on a note of exaltation, which intensely kindled the audience. But then, Leslie Banks's performance was masterly in every sense of the word. He was a kind of British Napoleon—dominating, curt, commanding, but as solid as a rock in deed and action; and Miss Gillian Lind, too, was distinguished as Margaret.

Let us sum up the credits of Sir Oswald Stoll's ambitious Shakespearean presentation of "HENRY V." at the Alhambra. Mr. Stanley Bell's production has all the merits of pageantry — picturesque settings and colourful costume, and it moves bravely through the incidents that are crowned at Agincourt; while Mr. Norman O'Neill's martial music lends fitting support. The text has been cut, perhaps, a little ruthlessly, but not without purpose; for the aim was to give a direct story, unhindered by passages that delay action. Still, it is to the players we must look, if the pageant is to grow into a play. The Chorus of Miss Cicely Jonas declaimed eloquently enough, though the size of the theatre may account for its monotony. Mr. Hay Petrie, always a delightful Shakespearean clown, never quite got the measure of the house with his Fluellen; while Mr. Franklin Dyall, as the braggart Pistol, was frankly disappointing. It is a general criticism that most of the players could only be heard with difficulty. Not so Mr. Godfrey Tearle, whose Prince Harry was drawn on the right scale. Miss Yvonne Arnaud as Katharine was charming.

"CLIVE OF INDIA." The victor of Plassey receives an unexpected check. His dutiful little wife (GILLIAN LIND) wraps him up to keep out the summer chills of Walcot, and bans all reference to India.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" (Haymarket). 8.30.—"RICHARD OF BORDEAUX" (New). 8.15.—"THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN" (Vaudeville). 8.30.—"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (Queen's). 8.40. **PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30.—"AFTERWARDS" (Whitehall). 8.30.—"FRESH FIELDS" (Criterion). 8.30.—"REUNION IN VIENNA" (Lyric). 8.30.—"THAT'S A PRETTY THING" (Daly's). 8.15.—"NICE GOINGS ON" (Strand). 8.30.—"NYMPH ERRANT" (Adelphi). 8.30.—"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30.—"A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—"QUEEN OF HEARTS" (Lyceum). 2 and 7.30 daily.—"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—"SPRING, 1600" (Shaftesbury). 8.30.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"CLIVE OF INDIA." Portrait of Baroness Clive (GILLIAN LIND), a dutiful wife. She is about to decorate the tomb of her second offspring, whom India's sunny clime has done in. She opposes Lord Clive's return to India in 1764, and they are estranged for nine years.

A SIMPLE peasant girl, to whom miraculous powers are ascribed, is the central figure of "ANNA AND ELISABETH," the new German picture at Cinema House. The part is so beautifully played by Hertha Thiele, with such deep feeling and sincerity, that it takes on a vibrant quality irrespective of, and despite the forcing of, the dramatic note from which her surroundings, animate and inanimate, suffer. The theme of the drama is interesting. The girl Anna, praying ardently for her brother, who lies in a coma that has been mistaken for death, is apparently answered when the boy recovers consciousness. Thus the ball of superstition is set rolling. It reaches the Manor, where Elisabeth, a cripple, is fretting out her soul. In developing the progress of Elisabeth's hysterical belief in Anna as a miracle-worker, until disillusion leads to tragedy, the director, Frank Wysbar, uses a deliberate tempo and an emotional expression so overcharged with meaning that the whole effect, including that of his finely photographed settings, becomes weighty and self-conscious. I did not find that Dorothea Wieck's highly emphasised study of hysteria, clever as it is, escaped the melodramatic; but Miss Thiele, with her unaffected poise, held and moved me profoundly.

Take two favourite film recipes — the "woman's career *versus* love" theme, and "the doctor who restores a rival to health at the cost of his own happiness"—mix well, garnish with slabs of sentiment, and you get "THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE" (Capitol). The formulæ have been moulded to fit Ann Harding; therefore the doctor becomes a famous woman surgeon, and the whole thing moves at a leisurely pace befitting the dignity of the star. But only the very unsophisticated filmgoer will fail to recognise the ingredients of this romantic drama or to guess the course of events. The moment we clap eyes on Ann Harding, yearning for love in the brief intervals of plastic surgery, we know the butterfly will emerge from the chrysalis of the surgeon's coat. When she wings her way to California she is foredoomed to fall for a play-boy. His reversion to type brings about her sacrifice. Ann Harding, however, cannot be left without consolation, and a devoted doctor is waiting to receive the reward of his patience. The picture takes its romance and its sentiment very seriously, and Miss Harding, gallantly supported by Robert Young, Nils Asther, and a few flashes of vivacity from Sari Maritza, is hard put to it to galvanise the lovesick surgeon into life.

The Laurel and Hardy comedy at the Empire shares the programme with "THE SONG OF THE PLOUGH," a British production in which a sturdy attempt has been made to exploit the drama of agricultural England. An unpretentious story of a farmer, fighting depression and saved from disaster by the prowess of his collie at the sheep-dog trials, suffers from studio interpolations of singing yokels and sententious gaffers. Up against the calm beauty of the Downs and the activities of farm, field, and fair, the fictional part of the picture rings false. But the director, John Baxter, wins our gratitude with his lovely rural compositions and the genuine thrill of the sheep-dog trials.

In "FRATERNALLY YOURS," the inimitable Laurel and Hardy are at their old game of wife-dodging, sneaking away to festive doings in Chicago when they ought to be in Honolulu, and making an inglorious if uproarious return. Their efforts to elude the wrath of their stern spouses take them up into attics and over the roofs in a storm that finds its echo within doors. If there are gaps in the merriment that do not occur in the couple's customary short films, there is compensation in the hearty slapstick fun and some excellent gags.

Cited as America's reply to "Mädchen in Uniform," "EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT," now showing at the Plaza, is the slender story of a love affair between a young girl at a Continental boarding-school and a penniless young student, and their reactions to the fact of her approaching motherhood. There is very little action in the film; small incidents are deliberately distorted to express the alarming proportions they assume in the mind of a nervous girl; and delicate emotional byways are explored. The sensitive performances of Miss Dorothy Wilson as Christa and Mr. Douglass Montgomery as David do much to retain our sympathy and our interest in their problems. Driven by fear of the scorn her small world will pour on her, Christa almost commits suicide, until at last the thought of "her" baby makes her decide to win through. Then, I must confess to my amazement, both her schoolmistress and schoolfellows receive the dread news in a spirit of jubilation, and, with none of the problematic threads tucked in, the story ends on the note of a happy-ever-after marriage.

"CLIVE OF INDIA," at Wyndham's: the Disunited Services are here pictured by Sherriffs. Colonel Clive (LESLIE BANKS) is thwarted by the dogged refusal of Admiral Watson (FRANK PETLEY) to sign a second treaty with Mir Jaffar. He has already signed one in return for a trifling £40,000, but his conscience will permit him to go no further. Clive, who is no amateur, then forges his autograph.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE: "I'M NO ANGEL" (Carlton).—"LIEBELEI" (Academy Cinema).—"THE CONSTANT NYMPH" (New Gallery).—"LITTLE WOMEN" (Regal).—"THE INVISIBLE MAN" (Tivoli). **FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "LE PETIT ROI" (Rialto).—"ANNA AND ELISABETH" (Cinema House).—"AUNT SALLY" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—"BERKELEY SQUARE" (Polytechnic).—"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT" (Plaza).—"FRATERNALLY YOURS" (Empire).—"THE SONG OF THE PLOUGH" (Empire). **A FILM ABOVE THE AVERAGE:** "THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE" (Capitol).

DANCING OCCASIONS AND DANCE ENTHUSIASTS.

Gloria Gilbert and THE EIGHT GIRLS FROM PANAME are presenting a new Parisian dance revue on the rising floor at the Savoy.

TCHAIKOVSKY'S "CASSE-NOISETTE" ballet was produced at Sadler's Wells Theatre for the first time in England. These are the "snow-flakes."

MISS ELSA LANCHESTER was the Arabian dancer for the TCHAIKOVSKY "CASSE-NOISETTE" Ballet.

MARKOVA was the prima ballerina for the "CASSE-NOISETTE" Ballet. She danced with STANLEY JUDSON.

This scene from TCHAIKOVSKY'S "CASSE-NOISETTE" Ballet shows the President's wife (URSULA MORETON) greeting the guests.

The first-nighters at the première of the BALLETS JOOSS, at the Gaiety, included (l. to r.) LADY MELCHETT, MR. "EDDY" MARSH, LORD ROSSMORE, the COUNTESS OF GAINSBOROUGH, SIGNOR G. N. DE FACCINEGRATI, MISS HELENE RAYE, LADY MOUNT TEMPLE, the COUNTESS OF OSSORY, and LORD MELCHETT.

"CLIVE OF INDIA": SABAT JUNG AS A STAGE CHARACTER.

"CLIVE OF INDIA," by W. P. Lipscomb and R. J. Minney, at Wyndham's, puts the famous Robert Clive (1725-74), Baron Clive of Plassey, known to the natives as Sabat Jung (The Daring in War), on the stage. In this scene young Clive, a "writer" in the service of the East India Company, is flouting custom, which decreed that umbrellas were for the great merchants alone. He engages five umbrella-bearers! The characters are Clive (LESLIE BANKS) and four clerks, or "writers" (DOUGLAS BLANDFORD, BASIL MOSS, RAYMOND HUNTLY, and ROY GRAHAM).

Clive's drama, as presented on the stage, ends with his return to England. His wife, Margaret (GILLIAN LIND) is "mothering" her masterful husband, Lord Clive (LESLIE BANKS).

(Right) Margaret and Clive are played by MISS GILLIAN LIND and MR. LESLIE BANKS.

The famous treaty with Omichand (PHILIP LEAVER: left) and Mir Jaffar (W. E. HOLLOWAY) is being signed. The adhesion of the former was secured by a forged promise of £300,000. He received nothing, but Mir Jaffar was placed on the throne of Bengal. He gave Clive (LESLIE BANKS; centre) a gift of £200,000. This treaty was one of the reasons for his impeachment in 1767.

(Left) Young Clive's proud, tempestuous spirit gets him into trouble! Here he is being reprimanded by the Governor. The characters are (l. to r.) the clerks, Clive (LESLIE BANKS), the Governor (LOUIS GOODRICH), and Mr. Pemberton, a Merchant (GEORGE H. BISHOP).

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

WHEN I was very much younger, I used to enjoy sad stories; like the Duchess of Malfi, I could "taste a luxury in grief." Now, however, I am less certain of the superiority of "lovely melancholy" over "vain delights." "Harriet" is the most painful book I have read for years. Mr. William Faulkner's "Sanctuary" is a good second. But one can read "Sanctuary" (I found) with more detachment. "Pop-eye" is a dreadful figure, but he is not a man; he is a devil, a monster: pinch yourself and rub your eyes, and he disappears like an incubus in a nightmare. Nor is his wickedness in the least infectious. We loathe him from the first moment. It is different with the unholy crew who get poor Harriet Woodhouse into their clutches. They are introduced to us as ordinary human beings: Alice Hoppner, vain, shallow, and selfish, but not a criminal type; Elizabeth, decidedly nice; Patrick Oman, her husband, hot-tempered and inconsiderate, as befits an artist in fiction, but distinguished and talented, and devoted to his brother. And even Lewis Oman, the villain of the piece, does not make a very disagreeable impression at his début: he seems a man of the type of Stephen Guest in "The Mill on the Floss"—common, handsome in a flashy way, unscrupulous where women are concerned. He is clearly a careerist, a fortune-hunter, and a man to steer clear of; but when Miss Jenkins compares him with Richard III. we smile. But she knows him better than we do.

A Quick Change. At least, I suppose she does. To my mind, the least convincing thing in this terrible story is the quick change in the characters of the quartet. First we see them as rather undesirable members of the lower middle-class; a year or two later they are all on their trial for murder, with a crowd thousands strong very properly clamouring for their blood. And what had caused this transformation? The lust to get a share in poor, mad Harriet's fortune of five thousand pounds. And they could have enjoyed it without killing her; she was as wax in Lewis's hands, she was prepared to sign anything he wanted, she raised but the feeblest protest when Alice became his mistress. *Auri sacra fames.* The love of money, we are told, is the root of all evil; but here the sum involved was not very large. It would not (this is a minor point) have been enough to allow Lewis to indulge his *folie des grandeurs*; even in the 'eighties it would only have sufficed to keep him in the most modest fashion.

I repeat, I cannot believe in this extraordinary change of heart. But though the mind rejects, the imagination accepts it. The treatment inflicted on Harriet and her baby (a revolting blend of fiendish cruelty and gross neglect) makes one feel physically ill. And what gives the book its final touch of horror is that (owing to some trick of Miss Jenkins's art) we are obliged to identify ourselves with the persecutors instead of (as is usual in such cases) with the victim. Sitting in my chair, blamelessly reading, I felt myself turning into Mr. Hyde. It was a most unpleasant experience, though no doubt a tribute to the power of Miss Jenkins's imagination. To her imagination, and also, alas! to real life. I have not read an account of the Penge Mystery, so I cannot tell what are the proportions of fact and fancy in "Harriet." It may well be that the true facts would seem more incredible, and perhaps even more horrible, than Miss Jenkins's reconstruction of them.

"Bloody Mary's." "Bloody Mary's" is not a pleasant story either. As his previous novels have shown, Mr. Geoffrey Dennis's magination is demon-haunted. His characters glare at each other with the malignancy of gargoyles on a Gothic cathedral. Nothing but the force of circumstances, and not always that, keeps them from each other's throats. In "Sale by Auction" he was concerned with adults: murderers, lechers, scandal-mongers in a Yorkshire town. Now he has turned his attention to the boys of Queen Mary's Grammar School, Battling; an ancient foundation, full of years, and not devoid of honour, as Abel Deems Pomeroy Carey discovered after he had survived the bullying of his first year. Why is it that one's Christian name affords such a handle for ridicule at school? Abel was unlucky in his; and "Ely's Crew" were quick to make fun of them. The tortures, mental and physical, that he endured during his daily train-journey home were enough of themselves to justify the charming nickname its scholars had found for Queen Mary's Grammar School. But it had other claims to be called "Bloody Mary's." The headmaster, Dr. Pengelly, believed that to spare the rod would be to spoil the child. He had four instruments of correction, all possessing pet names, and scarcely a day passed without one or other being put into action. He was, in fact, a sadist. He was also, in Mr. Dennis's view, a great headmaster. He inspired affection as well as fear, and when his school begins to go down-hill we realise that he is a figure of tragic stature. All the same, if "Bloody Mary's" still existed, I should not recommend a parent to send his son there. Abel got through the ordeal; he made many friends; his nature does not seem to have been warped. But he had a stubborn North Country strain in him, compensating for his excess of sensibility; without it, his life would have been a hell. Indeed, it often was a hell; and perhaps only the softening, transfiguring mist of years enables him to record his experiences with a certain degree of stoicism.

Unpleasant, but True. About half-way through the book, the narrative languishes and splits up into episodes. Towards the end it gathers force again: Abel recedes into the background, and the headmaster, struggling against the blows of adverse fate, occupies the centre of the stage. One of the boys commits a peculiarly brutal murder, which naturally helps to give the school a bad name. I did not find the murder entirely convincing, but I enjoyed "Bloody Mary's."

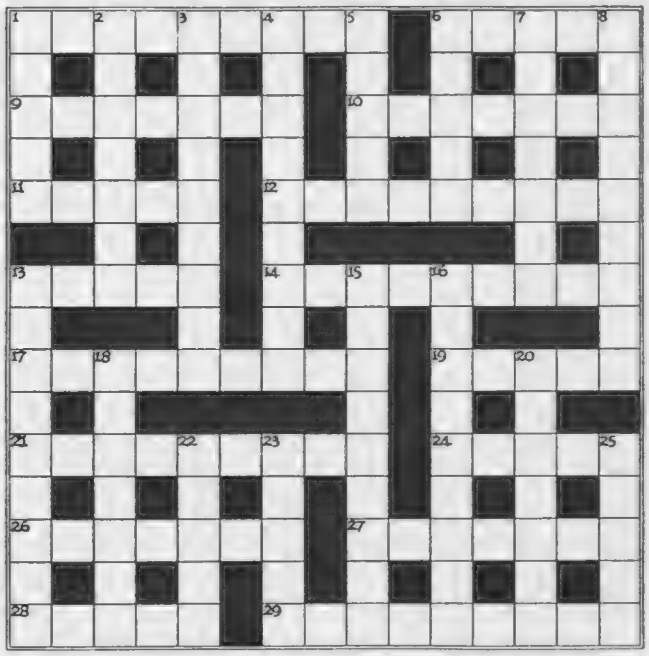
BOOKS REVIEWED.

Harriet. By Elizabeth Jenkins. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)
Bloody Mary's. By Geoffrey Dennis. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. Some wall-paper is bad enough, but this really makes you feel ill.
6. This parson sounds as if he might have a cushy job, but then he 'll be a hundred soon!
9. Voluminous garment, but Vera looks all right in it.
10. Mrs. Hippo seems out of place here, but other cows feel quite at home in it.
11. Not exactly a song-bird, though it might compose a glee.
12. This black man always shows a broken tooth if he loses his tent.
13. Very important; you have some inside.
14. This is a theoretical explanation, which recommends equal shares of beer for all.
17. American ruffian, but he has his dull and sober elements, you 'll find.
19. The warning follows the illness and results in a heightened colour.
21. "Copy a harp"; it 's not really in the Bible.
24. Not a religious bird, though it comes after a seat in Church.
26. Fancy! What a peculiar age I 'm in!
27. Time off is sure to end.
28. You 'll get a dig in the ribs if you see G. in the nude.
29. Wickedness seems interested in this place of worship.



DOWN.

1. How can one be expected to work when one is under the doctor?
2. Silver and gold and then *some*! It 's a clever trick.
3. Shinily coated; its name is plain, and you 'll get led on to the end.
4. Here are the fish. Now can you find the lard and chips?
5. Crooked trees should of course be planted again.
6. Find fault, if you like; but it can keep a whole skin even if it does lose its head.
7. H.T. between a snooze and a chuckle causes a flare.
8. "In the net I" also ran.
13. This kind of quiver contains *one* child, at any rate.
15. Pitch Peter out? No, it 's a waterproof covering.
16. A jump to the right will provide you with a family.
18. This beast had better not be paroled.
20. Not twisted, but it will end up with a bit of a ladder.
22. A sire is required to bring up.
23. Requests, more politely with another letter.
26. The subject is too lengthy for them.

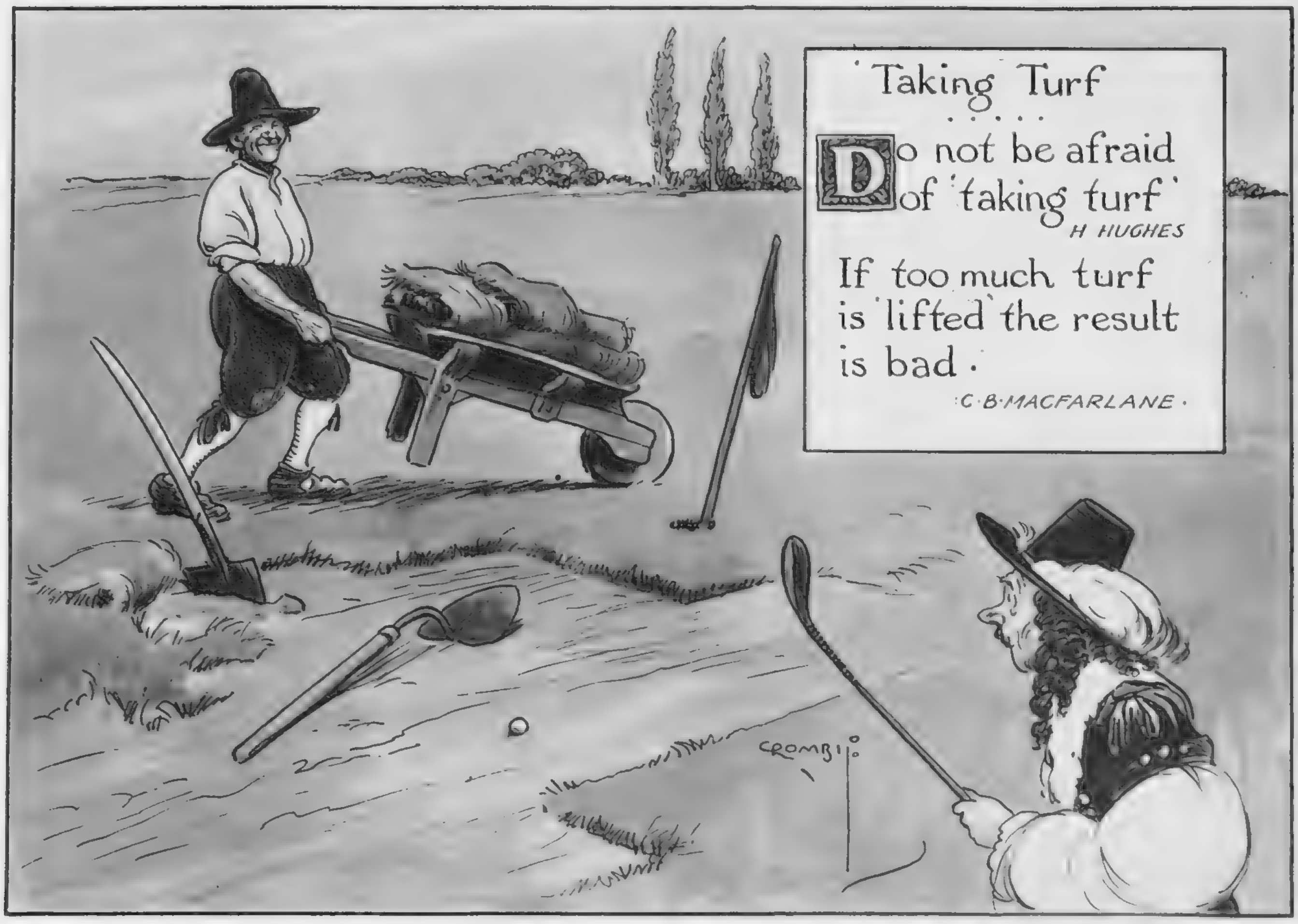
A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, February 12, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page IV) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

NIKITINA, THE ARTIST AND THE PORTRAIT.

MLLE. NIKITINA, the dancer, has been sitting to BELTRAN - MASSES, the well - known Spanish painter, who lives in Paris. This group shows her posed with the painter beside the finished portrait.



Two GOLFING WISECRACKS on the subject of "Taking Turf" are illustrated in this drawing by Crombie.

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

Cambridge at Addington.

Last week I referred to the opening engagements of Oxford and Cambridge in the final stage of their preparation for the University match at Formby at the end of next month. I stressed Oxford's magnificent recovery. Now it is the turn of Cambridge, and, though they will have endured another stern test at Sunningdale by the time you read this, it would be churlish to them and misleading to those who follow University golf if I passed over the match at Addington. Addington had a very strong side—but for the absence of Cyril Tolley and Rex Hartley, as strong a team as any club could field. As it was, Cambridge had to face, among others, Tony Torrance, Dale Bourn, Ham. Martin, the winner of the President's Putter; Lister Hartley, Eustace Storey, young Garnett, the Addington Ace, as I heard him described, who is to devote a year in discovering to what altitudes he can attain; General Critchley, Captain Greville Stevens, and Charles Sweeny.

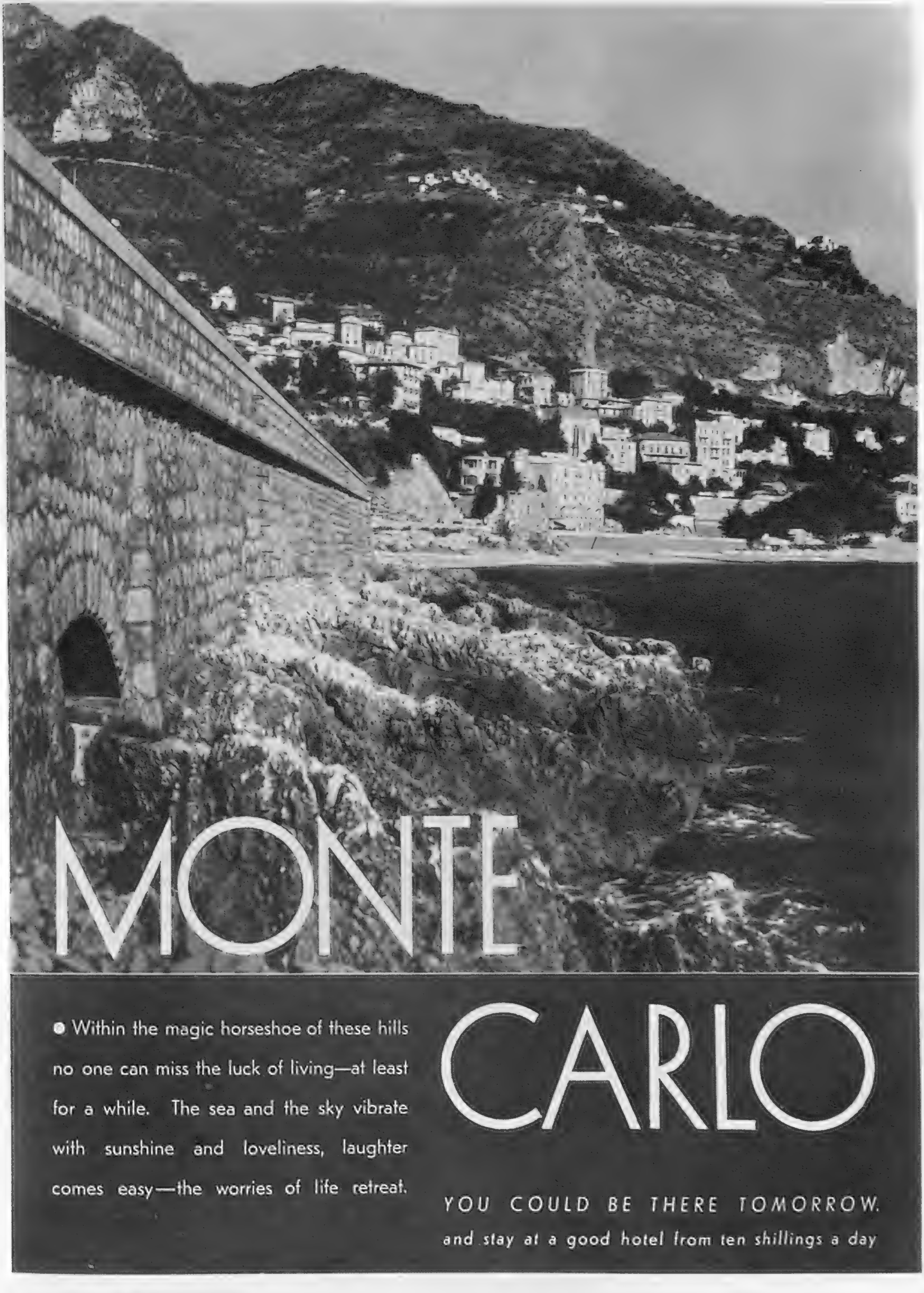
A Devastating Finish. True, Cambridge lost all the foursomes, but they halved the singles, each side winning six matches. They would, indeed, have won, but for an amazing finish by E. B. Tipping, who, against W. L. Morgan, took the 14th and 15th holes on the new course in 2 each—the latter by holing a mashie approach. Even then he was able to snatch victory by only a single hole. Altogether Cambridge have every reason to be pleased with their afternoon performance, and, when their captain, D. R. A. Jamieson, finds his form, should prove a good side. P. P. M. Wallace, C. J. S. Lyon, J. F. B. Law, W. F. Ellis, and R. T. Beck all played well, but W. E. Carr's was the star performance. Against Garnett he got his nose in front with a fine 3 at the 15th hole, and then, after missing a putt to lock the door at the 16th, and losing the short 17th, bravely and unhesitatingly lofted a dead stymie on the home green to beat his man.

Some Points of Interest. During the day I saw much to interest the watchful golfer. Chiefly, because of the wider issues involved, came the play of Tony Torrance. I do not think I have ever been so impressed by this grand golfer. As usual, he showed the unmistakable hall-mark of class, never more apparent than when playing a contained spoon shot up to the hole. But beyond this he appeared to me to be playing with even less effort and certainly with greater power. Apropos of his spoon play, he showed me the club with which he did it, remarking it was the best he had ever possessed. And, indeed, it was a masterpiece, the very handling of which brought inspiration. Then there were Dale Bourn and Lister Hartley, both giving evidence of the game that is in them, each still showing occasional signs of what they could exchange with mutual benefit—steadiness and pugnacity. Then came Garnett, who is definitely a player of promise, but with as definite a weakness. After a beautifully timed and commendably slow back swing, he starts his hit too soon. If he can learn to delay it till the last, as Jimmy Wilde used to deliver his punch, he will have travelled far on the road to achievement. Charles Sweeny complained to me that he had lost the nip in his iron play, but this is a disease that attacks nearly every good golfer from time to time, and to know a fault is half-way towards curing it. Critchley had an off day, but, as he and Rex Hartley have no intention of meeting their challengers, Mitchell and Compston, until the putting greens have emerged from winter quarters, he has time enough to recover his form.

A German Visitor. I lunched with "Aber," the *fons et origo* of Addington. With him was a German enthusiast, Herr Moritz Hochschild, over on a visit in search of information on all golfing matters. He was greatly struck by the way Cambridge played, and looked forward to the day when German Universities would take up the game. At present it occupies a similar position to what it did in England, when there were still only a few "cells" dotted about the country, and when a golfer carrying his clubs through London would have excited the same attention as he would in Berlin to-day. But all things must have a beginning, and if some of the young German hockey "fans"—hockey is the great game in Germany, so Herr Hochschild declared—fall to the charms of golf, then we may still see Bonn and Heidelberg meeting at Wansee, Frankfort, or Bad Ems.

"Rumour, that Lying Jade." Among other things, "Aber" told me there was no truth in the rumour that he contemplated disposing of his interest in Addington. "At my age," he said, "it is everything to have an interest. Addington is my interest. *J'y suis, j'y reste.*" Then I had a chat with Ritchie, who because of ill-health recently resigned his position as professional. Meantime, under the care of a London doctor, he has completely recovered, and looks the picture of health, and full of energy to follow his profession again. It will be a fortunate club that acquires his services.

A New Green Rake. Somewhen and somewhere I drew attention to a new green and labour-saving rake invented by Mynheer A. A. Diemerkool, the expert and indefatigable secretary of the Kennemer Club, at Zandvoort, near Haarlem. Mynheer Diemerkool called upon me a few days ago to tell me that the rake which he has patented is now being made in England, and will be ready for demonstration in the spring. I am arranging for this, and hope to publish photographs and opinions of the demonstrator after it has taken place. Meanwhile, it has been tried and proved at Zandvoort, and in my opinion clubs will be clamouring for it before the year is out.


MONTE
CARLO
Within the magic horseshoe of these hills no one can miss the luck of living—at least for a while. The sea and the sky vibrate with sunshine and loveliness, laughter comes easy—the worries of life retreat.
YOU COULD BE THERE TOMORROW.
and stay at a good hotel from ten shillings a day

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

LOOKING FORWARD—VERSATILE MANUFACTURERS.

WITH the Monte Carlo Rally over and done with, the 1934 motoring season may be said to be firmly started. Next month there is the R.A.C. Rally at Bournemouth, and after that come such stirring international events as the Grand Prix de Monaco and the Italian Thousand-Miles Race. The R.A.C., I think, deserves every congratulation for intending to keep secret the eliminating tests of its big Rally. And, as the Club is particularly good at keeping secrets, I am quite sure nobody will have an inkling of what is expected of them until they reach the finish.

It is pretty obvious, however, that it will pay to have a high-performance car: one with good acceleration, powerful brakes, and an excellent steering-lock. An easy-change gear-box and a fairly low top gear will probably also be an advantage. But nobody really knows, so there will be no chance of wangling anything special to get round the regulations. Personally, I am delighted that Bournemouth is to be the venue of the R.A.C. Rally this year. It is a town of which I have always been fond; there is no dearth of first-class hotels, and there is ample room for any special tests or competitions to be staged. I had a good deal to do with the Motor Rally held there in 1928, and know from experience how popular a rallying-point Bournemouth will prove.

Certain makes of cars which were unfortunate in the recent Monte Carlo Rally may stage a "come-back" next month. Rivalry between various makes is, at any rate, sure to be very keen. As far as foreign events are concerned, the Italians are planning an ambitious 4000-mile race—the Contre de Mussolini—which will cover Italy from end to end, with stops for rest and for exhibiting the cars *en route*. This is to take place in the spring, and may attract several British entries, as supercharged cars are banned and vehicles have to be in full touring trim. Then the International Alpine Trial is taking place, after all, from Aug. 7 to 12, and the present scheme is that it shall start from Nice and finish at Munich, with a tremendous final stage of 560 miles. I have no doubt that, as usual, there will be a big British entry for this event.

MR. TOM COLLETT, son of the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Charles Collett, is an enthusiastic owner of a HILLMAN MINX, with which he is here seen at the Mansion House.

Come to think of it, cars made in England have been extraordinarily successful in foreign competitions in the last few years. They storm Alpine passes, they get through from "impossible" points, and they carry off all the prizes for good-looks and common-sense equipment. The recent Monte Carlo Rally was an example of this. The highest-placed British cars were respectively third and seventh in the General Classification—in direct competition with "the big chaps." What is more, they were both light and inexpensive productions: a Triumph "Twelve" and a Riley "Nine." Both won through from Athens, despite the punishing nature of the course.

Then at Monte Carlo, when the cars were judged for their comfort and equipment, Mr. C. J. Joyce's "95" Talbot was awarded the Grand Prix d'Honneur, as being the finest car in the whole show. What impressed me so much about this car was that it had not a special body, but was just a typical example of Talbot coachbuilding. The comfort was self-evident, the finish beyond reproach. It is only fair to add, however, that Mr. Joyce must have spent a small fortune on equipment and "gadgets" generally. But many of the features are so good that I feel sure that we shall shortly see them copied: on cars sold by Pass and Joyce, Ltd., in any case. I am thinking particularly of the very neat, eccentrically mounted, adjustable head-rests or neck supports, and the combined heating and ventilation systems for front and rear compartments, rather than of the more hackneyed features of built-in wireless and tables which let down out of the back of the front seat.

Another good idea was the way the D.W.S. permanent jack handle and wheel-changing tools were carried in a zipp-fastened bag disclosed on the inner edge of the running-board when the driver's door was opened, and the method of storing the chauffeur's kit in a sort of false bottom to the lid of the luggage locker, which, incidentally, lets down when required to take more baggage. Not only Mr. Joyce's Talbot, but Mr. Lionel Martin's perfectly standard model of the same make, did well in the Comfort Competition, while other British cars won every class, prizes being taken by Mr. S. H. Light's black-and-chromium S.S.I., Mr. F. S. Barnes's Singer, and Major Douglas Morris's Invicta, which had a very nice dark-red Tickford body by Salmons and Sons. Two Speed Twenty Alvises and a Railton Terraplane also figured among the prize-winners.

Such a convincing demonstration of the versatility of our manufacturers helps to account for the fact that more and more British cars are now being sold in every part of the world.

The new and the old are well illustrated by our motoring snapshot, taken in Abingdon. A 1934 MORRIS OXFORD SALOON, with Bendix automatic clutch control and free wheel, is passing before the gateway to the remains of the early fifteenth-century Abbey, which is in an excellent state of preservation.

MR. C. J. JOYCE, with his crew, is here being welcomed at the R.A.C. after completing the first lap of the journey from John o' Groats to Monte Carlo in his Talbot "95," which won the "Auto" Grand Prix for the most comfortable car and the Grand Prix d'Honneur for the finest car.

THE 10 H.P. CARS

that **SHE** will want to drive, too!

The only '10's with DAIMLER *Fluid Flywheel Transmission*

B.S.A. Saloons from £230

You've no idea — till you've tried it — how delightful driving has become thanks to the marvellous Fluid Flywheel and its one-finger gear-change. But if you require further reasons for examining the B.S.A. '10' — here they are. Real leather upholstery, adjustable driving seat, sliding roof, flexible steering wheel, Triplex glass all round — every luxury you might expect to find on a much more expensive car—for the inclusive price of £230. So be sure to visit a B.S.A. dealer when you're making up your mind about a car.

LANCHESTER Saloons from £325.

Last year's Lanchester was a wonderful car and it made a host of friends among women motorists. But the Lanchester engineers were not satisfied. Slight modifications they made here and there little things you'd scarcely notice. To-day, these small improvements make a formidable total and the Lanchester '10' as a result, is outstanding — the most luxurious '10' on the roads. It is the one car you must not, cannot afford to overlook even though you may be thinking of paying far more than £325 for your next car.

Request form to B.S.A. Cars Ltd., 116, Sandy Lane, Coventry.

If you'd like to know more about the B.S.A '10,' use this form, indicating your wishes by placing a cross in the appropriate square or squares. 116/7·2·34

- [ ] Send me Catalogue of the B.S.A. '10.'
- [ ] Send me Booklet explaining Fluid Flywheel Transmission.
- [ ] Please arrange a trial run in a B.S.A. '10.'

Name ....

Address ....

....

Request form to the LANCHESTER Motor Co., Ltd., 116, Sandy Lane, Coventry.

We shall be pleased to supply further information about the Lanchester '10' or to arrange a trial run. Please place a cross in the appropriate squares. 116/7·2·34

- [ ] Please send me your Catalogue.
- [ ] Please send me the Fluid Flywheel Booklet.
- [ ] Please arrange a trial run in a Lanchester '10.'

Name ....

Address ....

....

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"WE can get down to the City in ten minutes from here," said Our Stroller's host, as he bent over the visitors' book and signed for his guest. "Come on; let 's get to it. Not so quiet here as it is in our library, eh?"

The men took their seats upon the long wooden forms, and the waiter handed them the bill of fare.

"We now go back a century or two," said one of the barristers. He nodded towards the rows of coats of arms, the stained-glass windows, the table reserved for the budding lady luminaries.

Another of the party drew the attention of Our Stroller to the Seats of the Mighty, which Benchers alone are permitted to occupy. Two judges, a famous K.C., and a Metropolitan stipendiary were busy with their lunches.

The waiter brought four brimming tankards, and Our Stroller nearly spilt some of the beer in his endeavour to read the inscription which told how these handsome mugs were bought in remembrance of the late Lord Birkenhead.

The MEN BEHIND THE RUBBER INDUSTRY are hard at work in expectation of a boom. MR. W. F. V. COX (left) is the energetic Secretary of the Institution of the Rubber Industry. MR. A. E. OSBORN (right) is one of the best-known men in rubber. He is the London Manager of Dunlops, and has been on numerous rubber committees, chiefly in the London area.

"Are you really in a hurry?" the host enquired. "If so——"

"Going to see a stockbroker, I suspect," his brother hazarded. "But he will be out at lunch-time, surely?"

Our Stroller laughed as he replied that either his broker or a partner would be in the office.

"We can't work it like that here," remarked another of the party. "Solicitors are allowed to have partners, but barristers may not."

"Really? Why 's that?"

"Because it might happen that two partners were briefed for opposite sides in the same case. And that would never do."

"That had not occurred to me. Tell me some more. What is the best tip you can give to a client?"

"Never go to law," was the simultaneous answer from the three lawyers.

"Keep out of the courts," the host added. "However good a case you have, and however sure you feel of winning, take it from me that you 'll be better off to give the law a miss."

An absent-minded barrister wandered along wearing his robe, and a waiter bustled up to relieve him of the quaint garment.

The host took advantage of the incident to point out the little pocket at the back of the hood.

"That 's a survival of the days when lawyers thought it beneath their dignity to accept fees, so the client slipped the money into that pocket at the back of the robe," he explained.

"What if he didn't pay?"

The barrister shook his head. "Blessed if I know," said he. "Lawyers seldom sue for their fees, of course."

"I thought they never did—eh?" and he turned to the brother. "Do any of you deign to speculate, dare I ask?"

"We have a small syndicate. Done pretty well with it, too. We were in three or four of those West African things."

"Banket Areas, I suppose?"

"And Ashanti. Bibianis were good friends to us. We still have a few shares left. Cost us something less than nothing, now." They reviewed the position over coffee.

"Our idea," said one of them, "is that we make what we can while the markets are active, and keep on turning over the money."

"You don't go for the investment things?"

"What 's the use? On gilt-edged investments we get about 2½ per cent. net, allowing for the income-taxes."

"Ten thousand pounds War Loan brings you in a fiver a week. I worked it out this morning. And that is not reckoning anything beyond income-tax. No provision for death-duties, or surtax, if you 're liable to it."

"Yes, and if you do fade out, your estate pays duties on Stock Exchange prices that are extravagantly high as compared with the income the stocks have brought you in."

The RIGHT HON. SIR ERIC GEDDES, P.C., G.C.B., is Chairman of Dunlop Plantations and one of the big men in rubber.

"Then how do you use the money you make? On your argument, it 's better to spend than it is to save."

"That 's our idea. You put aside what you think is reasonable for sheet-anchor purposes, and, after that, you deliberately buy the car you want, or the house, or the furniture, or any other investment that strikes your fancy."

Our Stroller thought this was carrying things rather far.

"Life is still full of uncertainties," he considered. "And——"

"Oh, you have to apply the theory with the necessary mixture of prudence and common sense. We are the last people to advocate——" he paused to look round at the noble hall as he opened the door—"any sort of reckless prodigality."

Our Stroller thanked them for their hospitality, taxied down to Throgmorton Avenue, and repeated the substance of the conversation to his broker as they lit cigarettes and walked across to the Stock Exchange.

The broker did not seem to be greatly interested. "We deal more in stocks and shares than in theories, or plans of life," said he. "We make a bit—and then we lose it. We make a bit more, and, if we 're lucky, we——yes: I suppose we do spend money when we have it. Old Death Duties isn't a client of mine."

"He would be a rather valuable one. Very constant, you know."

"The greedy beggar would probably want a return of one-third brokerage as being an agent. He might even persuade the Stock Exchange Committee to include him in the list of the people who get fifty per cent. back."

SIR STANLEY BOIS, Chairman of the Burma Rubber Estates and many other rubber plantations.

"He would have about as much right to it as some of the present firms in that collection have," another broker snorted. "Our Committee are a spineless lot. No backbone. What do you say, Dog's-Body?"

"Say? I 'm too busy to say anything except 'Make me something closer, can't you, you skin-flint?' What do you see yourself?"

"Beer and 'baccy . . . Imps and Bats, amongst the tobacco shares."

"Too high, surely."

"We said so when the prices were twenty shillings lower. They persist in going up, so I change my tune."

"I believe we shall see another huge amalgamation, one of these days, in the tobacco world."

"And one of these days we shall realise that industrial shares stand too high at their present prices."

"What else are you to buy with your money?"

"Rubber shares and oil."

"They 've all gone up just lately."

"There 's scope for further rises, don't you think? I 'm not attempting to put my people off if they want to buy decent industrials for investment. Here comes the rubber board."

The Stock Exchange waiter had to exert a gentle pressure in order to make his way through the market; he kept the figures on the heavy wooden frame closely to his side.

LORD COLWYN, P.C., D.L., is a Director of the Dunlop Rubber Company and a popular figure in the rubber industry.

Cheers and the board went up together. Half-a-dozen voices bid for Rubber Trusts.

"Is that any change?" asked Our Stroller.

"Not a penny. They 've been that price practically all the morning."

"Brooklands Selangor, I 've been given as a good one," a broker was saying. "Know anything about them?"

"Highly respectable and all that. Shouldn't sell 'em if I were a holder."

"Would you buy if you weren't?" asked Our Stroller.

"Yes, I think so. They will go with the crowd, you know. And so will you, if you 're not quick."

The warning came just too late. The exciting rush carried Our Stroller like a stone tossed along by the waves, right through the Foreign Railway Market, round into the Jungle, and left him stranded amongst Westralians.

"Not on your life," he said brusquely to a dealer who asked him if he couldn't do with a few Boulders.

Friday, Feb. 2, 1934.

SIR HERBERT BLAIN, C.B.E., is Deputy-Chairman of the Avon India Rubber Company.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY
OLIVE
CALEY - SMITH

SCAIONI

A brown, black, and white tweed suit with a jacket which has practical brown leather buttons and fastens up to the neck. The skirt has three box-pleats at the back and two pockets on the hips. Ideal for golf, it costs eleven-and-a-half guineas at Finnigans, of 17, New Bond St., W. The pure cashmere cardigan is in brown with a woven blue and brown design, and is worn with a matching jumper with a blue neck-band and cuffs. The béret is of cashmere, and the hat with the turned-up brim is made in Shetland tweed.

THREE - TONED TWEEDS AND DECORATIVE CASHMERE CARDIGANS.

STUDIED SIMPLICITY.

A panel of pleats in the skirt and dull gold buckles at the neck and waist are the sole frivolities on a dress of soft crushed pink with double tucks over the shoulders. It costs seven guineas at Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Oxford Street, London, W. The jumper-suit is in a new material called Ariel. This is very light and hard-wearing, and will never shrink. In ice blue with a navy-blue belt and buttons, it is also made in other pastel shades for nine guineas.

TUNBRIDGE

CONTRASTED STRIPES.

An oatmeal-coloured tweed with a darker fleck is used for this attractive suit from the Sports Department at Liberty's, of Regent Street, W. The jacket can be fastened up to the neck or left open to show the yellow-striped facing of the rever. Two flat godets are set into the front of the skirt, and the tweed-covered oblong buttons are an interesting detail. It costs eleven-and-a-half guineas, the gaily-striped knitted fabric bag and scarf being available for two guineas.

SOMETHING SPECIAL.

Celebrating a jubilee sounds as though it might be a rather weighty business — but Jaeger's Jubilee is quite different from anything else! They are celebrating not only fifty years of solid goodness, but an accession of youth and gaiety that is an adventure in itself. It can be felt in everything they do. It can be seen in tangible form in everything they make.

Here are some of the high lights of their new Spring Collection, sketched at 352, Oxford Street, W.1. The off-the-forehead cap and matching scarf are made in wool knitted like chenille, and the coat has a shovel-shaped collar. The sac coat can be worn in several ways. The belt is of felt. The checked coat with its wide revers stitched flat is of mohair and wool. And the coat on the right shows the new flung-back folds that are at once so flattering and so fashionable.

Lastly there is the lady in the centre of the page. She wears one of the three-guinea coats that are part of Jaeger's Jubilee presents to the public. A matching skirt costs one guinea. Each month throughout this year they are offering at all their branches special Jubilee numbers at amazing prices. During February there will be wonderful coats for three guineas and five-and-a-half guineas, and jumpers and cardigans each for £1, all full of the newest and brightest ideas.

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Youthful Spring
COSTUMES
at special prices
during February only.

Many buttons and a bow

make the Two-Piece Suit on the extreme left one of the most charming we've ever seen. The frock, with a dropped shoulder-line, is made in brown/beige, black/white or deep blue/white. The coat is brown, black or blue, to match. Special price this month **9½ gns.**

Wide scallops to the front

of the Cardigan Ensemble give it a sparkling air of youth and originality. It's made of a very soft wool fabric in oatmeal, and the skirt has a nigger-brown top in heavy silk crêpe. We can also make this in grey and a few of the new Spring suitings.
Special price this month **6½ gns.**

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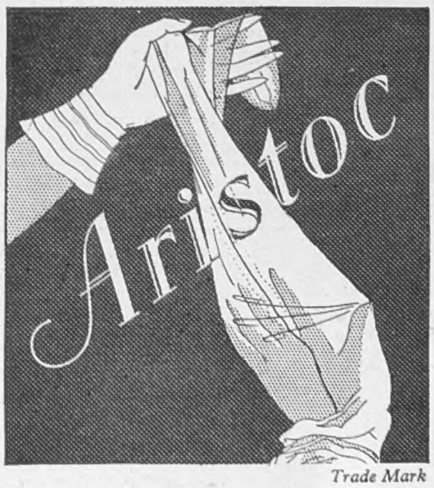

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The Sketch CROSS-WORD COUPON.

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(See Page 254.) 7/2/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DXLI.

"THE slam bidding of the English players against Culbertson has been ludicrous; nearly all guess-work; no wonder he considers these matches 'in the bag' before he sails." This is an extract from a letter of an American friend. "Post-mortems not allowed." This is a notice stuck up in a card-room in one of the cosiest and best run bridge-clubs in London—to wit, the Park Lane Club. Perhaps you can see little or no connection between these two announcements, but I can. Mind you, I do not in any way associate myself with the first one, but if there be any underlying truth in the statement, then this notice about post-mortems must take the blame.

Post-mortems are definitely not approved over here; there is an unwritten law (where there is not a written one) against holding one in all clubs, private bridge-parties, and other places where they play cards. Hence why English bridge remains on a steady plane of mediocrity. I have said in these notes before that apparently English players have no desire to improve their game (anyhow, the great majority do *not* improve); but of late, especially since the introduction of contract, these very people attend lectures, take lessons, read the latest books, and write to the papers about bridge. But they won't hold a post-mortem on the hand just played!

Now an analysis of a hand played in a real rubber will teach more than all the lectures, lessons, and the rest of it about bridge. There is something in taking part in the real business, and in seeing what actually does come up at the card-table, which can never be learnt from a study of the theoretical side and machine-made exemplary hands; perhaps this is because in the class-room everything is worked out on a classical basis—no allowance is made for mistakes; but in the card-room as much, if not more, can be picked up from mistakes (especially one's own) than from the perfectly bid and played hand! The mistakes, however, as well as the brilliance in play must be noticed. Half the hands played in a rubber are worthy of discussion, and from this discussion even the finest players can learn something—even to improve their slam-bidding tactics; hence the remark above of how perhaps a certain notice in a card-room must assume some blame for the "guess-work" of the English team in the recent match.

THE "SKETCH" SILVER PRINTS.

Familiarity with our Silver Prints increases the enthusiasm for them! We began this series of our film favourites, printed by an entirely new method, with a study of Miss Jean Harlow in blue and silver, and followed with others of the Misses Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford. On December 27, we began a new series in black and silver, with a portrait of Miss Norma Shearer, and continued with studies of the Misses Constance Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Ruth Chatterton, Mae West, and Katharine Hepburn. This week we give a study of Miss Madeleine Carroll, and next week we shall publish one of

MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS,

screen and stage favourite. We advise all readers interested in this novel and attractive form of portraiture, in which such an extraordinary effect is obtained by the use of silver ink, to place their orders with their newsagents without delay, to ensure that they shall not miss any one of this series of Presentation Plates.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JAN. 31.

ACROSS.—1. Tail. 3. Tame. 6. Spade. 9. Label. 12. Mild. 13. Art. 15. Rode. 16. Monk. 17. Steam. 19. Reef. 21. Act. 22. Oho. 23. Sap. 25. N.C.O. 26. Drum. 27. Kilt. 29. Debt. 30. Lyre. 32. Fob. 33. I.L.P. 35. Gird. 38. Duty. 42. Tire. 44. Yule. 46. S.O.S. 48. Day. 49. Set. 50. Are. 51. Suns. 53. Betel. 55. Oban. 56. Rite. 58. Sir. 59. Duet. 60. Spire. 61. Vesta. 62. Rays. 63. Font.

DOWN.—1. Talk. 2. Add. 4. Mar. 5. Ebor. 6. Smock. 7. Pint. 8. Ore. 10. Eden. 11. Leech. 13. Atom. 14. Task. 16. Mace. 17. Shut. 18. Mail. 20. Foil. 22. Orb. 24. Ply. 26. Debit. 28. Trite. 29. Dog. 31. Ely. 34. Mass. 36. Rid. 37. Drab. 38. Duel. 39. Ult. 40. Mien. 41. Hours. 43. Eyes. 44. Yser. 45. Grata. 47. Snip. 50. Abet. 52. Stir. 54. Tip. 55. Oust. 57. Era. 59. Den.

MISS FAIRBROTHER, 1, Melrose Gardens, W.6, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle published in our issue of Jan. 24 to be first opened on Monday morning, Jan. 29. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

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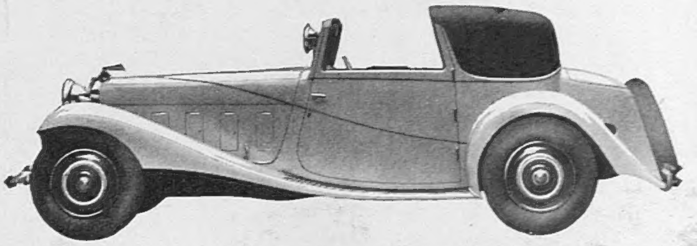

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